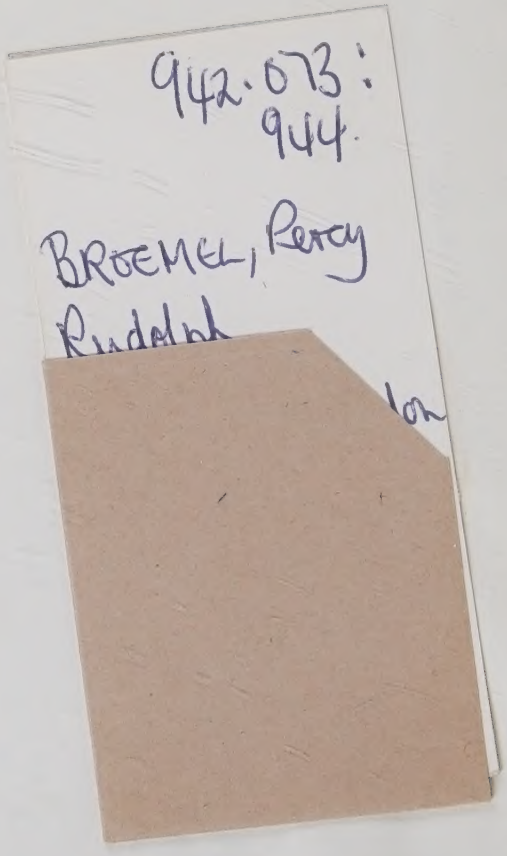
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# PARIS AND LONDON IN 1815

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A BALL AT ALMACK'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

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# PARIS AND LONDON IN 1815

## (WITH EXCURSIONS INTO OTHER PERIODS AND PLACES,)

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY

PERCY RUDOLPH BROEMEL.
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, LONDON.

*Author of "Romance and Realities of Mayfair and Piccadilly," "The History and Romance of Piccadilly and Mayfair," "The History and Romance of Cavendish Square and its Vicinity," Biographical Sketches," etc.*

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AMERICAN CONSUL AT BIRMINGHAM,
1906-1915.

AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL AT VIENNA, AUSTRIA,
1915-1917.

AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN,
1917-1919.

AMERICAN COMMISSIONER TO VIENNA, AUSTRIA, IN CONNECTION
WITH THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS,
1919.

AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL AT MONTREAL, CANADA,
1920-1928.

NOW AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL IN LONDON, ENGLAND

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# Paris and London in 1815

## CHAPTER I.

## "PLUS CELA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE."

"I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species."

—Fielding, "Joseph Andrews."

"Men think according to nature, speak according to precept, but act according to custom."

—Bacon, "Novum Organum."

IT is ever the habit of the older generation to compare the newer to the latter's disadvantage, to deplore the so-called "degeneracy" of the age in which they are just prancing across the stage of life, and to remind us all how different matters were in the days "when WE were young." It is next to impossible to open any book dealing with historical events without encountering similar comments. Even the Roman matron would deplore the manners of the younger generation and forget her own sins of omission and commission, when life, with all its untold promise, was opening up before her like a panorama of fairyland. To find how true it is, that nothing really changes in essentials, one has only to read the following extract from *The Bee* of October 13, 1759, in reference to the mode of dressing at that period:—

"But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possesssed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. . . . I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white négligé. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November."

There is also an epigram on dress which appeared in a periodical of the year 1818:—

"When dress'd for the evening, the Girls
Now-a-days
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an EVEning
dress,
But a dress that is suited for EVE.
—ADAM."

It is also curious to find, in other directions than dress, how customs in 1815, except on the surface, may be said to have differed very little from those of our own time. It was quite the custom then, as it is now, for Mrs. Jones-Smith to come up to London for the "season," hire a house in Mayfair—flats are more the fashion now—at a disproportionately high rent for sometimes very inferior accommodation, and to wait patiently for the invitations, for which she had "nursed" the ground for some time, as parliamentary candidates are said to "nurse" their desired constituents before an election; failing

the receipt of the desired invitation, the would-be social "climber" would turn "gate-crasher," though the practice might have a different name at that time, and the method might vary.* It was considered as the height of social prestige to find her name or her entertainment recorded in the columns of the *Morning Post.* Only, perhaps, there was less real modesty and restraint in the social pursuit by those who had to act as chaperons or guardians to young girls, if one may judge from the words of a writer of 1815:—

"In spite of her antiquated notions concerning the propriety of deportment and modesty of speech becoming youthful maidens, she would force those shy, demure, straight-laced, red-elbowed damsels, to frisk about, talk slang . . . . if by these means she could get an invitation to —— House, or see the faintest chance of capturing some fast young lord."

Much has been written of the "selectness" and "exclusiveness" of Society in the early part of the nineteenth century, and during a considerable part of the puritanically-minded Victorian era, when those who were not of any particular and recognised "set" would be mercilessly "cut." But, however

*Curious corroboration of this practice in the first part of the 19th century is afforded by a report in the *Sunday Times* of June 19, 1829:—

"An Uninvited Guest.—A morning paper gives a somewhat ambiguous story of the detection of a person who had intruded himself at the Earl of Abingdon's party a few nights ago. This individual, it seems, had the honour of dancing with Lady Selina Jenkinson, daughter of the Earl of Liverpool, but, being a stranger to all the company, the noble host ventured to ask on whose invitation he honoured the room with his presence. The answer was not satisfactory, and the luckless adventurer was expelled."

one may wonder at this exclusive division into cliques, the practice had a sound reason at bottom. Since people were at that time necessarily living in close and narrow communities and, therefore, unable to avoid any whom they might not wish to meet socially, the formation of rigidly-guarded "sets" was the sole means of avoiding undesired or unpleasant acquaintances. In our day, with motor-cars, railways, fast steamers and aeroplanes at our constant disposal, the escape from unwelcome associations presents no difficulty, be one prince or peasant.

This tendency to exclusiveness found its strongest expression in the greater difficulty of obtaining admission to the membership of Clubs, Societies and Associations.

In the period under review, there was one Institution, if one may call it so, to which admission was indeed a very complicated and difficult matter; this was "Almack's Assembly Rooms" in King Street, St. James's, now known as "Willis's Auction Rooms." The origin of this once famous dancing and supper club—for it was a club in all essentials —was as follows:—

About the middle of the eighteenth century a Scotsman named William McCall, came to London as valet to the 5th Duke of Hamilton, where he married Elizabeth Cullen, a waiting-maid to the Duchess. After being butler to Lord Bute, he started a tavern in St. James's Street, the "pickings" he had made in his previous positions providing him with the means; he proposed to call his adventure "McCall's," but was advised, owing to

the unpopularity of Scots in London just then, largely due to Lord Bute's actions, that this would ruin his enterprise: "Very well," said McCall, after listening wearily to much counsel, "I will call it 'Almack's' "—just a reversal of his name. The tavern proving a success, he founded "Almack's *Club*" for gaming in Pall Mall in 1763, and with the money quickly made there, he built himself in 1764 the above-mentioned historic "Almacks' Assembly Rooms," and enjoyed many years of great prosperity. Mrs. Harris, according to the "Malmesbury Correspondence," Vol 1., wrote on April 5, 1764, to her son (the Earl of Malmesbury): "Almack's is going to build most magnificent rooms behind his house, one much larger than at Carlisle House"—a similar establishment, though less select, than "Almack's," in Soho Square. "Behind his house," is a reference to "Almack's Club" in Pall Mall.

The doors of the Assembly Rooms were thrown open on February 20, 1765, and proved an immediate success. A report of the time reads:—

"There is now opened here in three very elegant new-built rooms, a ten-guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks. You may imagine by the sum the company is chosen. . . . The men's tickets are not transferable, so if the ladies do not like us they have no opportunity to change us. . . . Our female Almack's flourish beyond description. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady in a sack, making tea and curtseying to the duchesses."

"Almack's" great room measured 95 feet by

40, and was completed in 1767. Almack died in 1781; an obituary notice appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 6, 1781. He left the management of the Rooms in King Street to his niece, who had married Mr. Willis, and gave his name to them in later years. When the balls at "Almack's" became less exclusive the rooms would also be used for other purposes, such as lectures and entertainments. Thackeray lectured there in 1851; in 1866 Charles Dickens presided twice at public dinners; the great room was turned into auction rooms and divided into two about sixty years ago. The remainder of the building became a restaurant, but is now used as business premises. Luttrell's lines in "Julia," Letter I., merit quotation:—

> "All on that majestic *List* depends;
> Fame, fortune, fashion, lovers, friends;
> 'Tis that which gratifies or vexes
> All ranks, all ages, and both sexes.
> If once to *Almack's* you belong,
> Like monarchs, you can do no wrong;
> But banished thence on Wednesday night,
> By Jove, you can do nothing right."

It was at "Almack's" that "petticoat government" was exercised in full measure, since admission was controlled by a committee of ladies, who made the entrance to membership so difficult that everybody would struggle to be included in the list of subscribers; many who would, in ordinary circumstances, never have turned their minds in the direction of this club, and who had, in many cases, little or no chance of election, would use every endeavour to attain the coveted distinction, proving once again

the truth of the old adage that "the unattainable always becomes the desirable."

"Almack's" reached the height of its fame during the Regency, when the Committee consisted of Lady Jersey, whose character a contemporary described as "that of a theatrical tragedy queen; and whilst attempting the sublime, she frequently made herself simply ridiculous, being inconceivably rude and in her manner often ill-bred," Lady Cowper, who married Lord Palmerston, Lady Castlereagh, Lady Sefton, Mrs. Drummond Burrell, Princess Esterhazy and Countess (later the Princess) de Lieven. Not to belong to "Almack's" was, in their view, to belong only to second-rate Society; the smile or frown of any of these ladies would admit to, or exclude from, Society. To obtain a voucher of admission to this exclusive circle, it was essential to have the personal friendship of, or acquaintance with, one of these ladies. It was one of the pleasing features of "Almack's" that rank and wealth in themselves would not gain admission; two indispensable conditions were that the gentlemen were good dancers and dressed in the "correct manner" prescribed by the Committee, viz: in knee breeches, white cravat and *chapeau bras*. Lady Jersey might be regarded as the President of this feminine côterie; it was this lively lady's pleasant habit to blackball any applicant for membership who had any connection with trade or commerce, and this, despite the fact that she was the heiress of Robert Child, the banker. So rigid were the rules of dress observed that on one occasion the Duke of Wellington himself was refused admission to "Almack's," because he

wore trousers in place of knee-breeches; he had conquered Napoleon, but he could not overcome the resistance of Lady Jersey and her colleagues! Their decrees as regards dress were enforced regardless of rank, and even the great Beau Brummell had to await the approval of these ladies, before introducing any innovation in male dress.

Lord William Pitt Lennox has described "Almack's" as "a matrimonial bazaar, where mothers met to carry on affairs of state; and often has the table, spread with tepid lemonade, weak tea, tasteless *orgeat*, stale cakes, and thin slices of bread and butter—the only refreshment allowed—been the scene of tender proposals."

The autocratic disposition of Lady Jersey in particular, may be gauged from the manner in which she enforced the rule that no one, however exalted in rank, could be admitted to the Rooms after 11 p.m., and this rule caused the Duke of Wellington to be refused admittance for the second time. One evening she was informed that the Duke was at the door, and desired admittance. "What o'clock is it?" Lady Jersey asked. "Seven minutes after eleven, your Ladyship." After a short pause came these words: "Give my compliments—give Lady Jersey's compliments—to the Duke of Wellington, and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted." This story is told by Luttrell in his "Letters to Julia."

The usual dances before 1815 had been the charming English country-dance (a corruption of the

1810 to
1815.

1819 to
1821.

DANDIZETTE.

1819 to
1821.

DANDY.

ENGLISH DRESS CARICATURES OF THE PERIOD.

French "contre-danse"), Scotch jigs and Highland reels. It was real music, however, played by a first-class orchestra under a famous conductor, and the "jazz," of which the best definition given as yet appeared in the *Daily Express* of October 13, 1928, "Music I know, also jazz; there is no such thing as jazz music," had not yet been invented.

The sensation can, therefore, be imagined, when Lady Jersey, always ready to engage in what in our modern American slang would be called "stunts," introduced the Quadrille in 1815.* This new dance was danced by Lady Jersey and Count Aldegarde, Lady Harriet Butler and Mr. Montgomery—one of "Almack's" Stewards and one of the "Dandies"—Lady Susan Ryde and Mr. Montagu, Miss Montgomery and Mr. Charles Standish—according to others, however, it was a Mr. Harley; this dance, introduced under such auspices, at once became the fashion, in conjunction with the valse, which had become known in England already in 1796, but was not seen at "Almack's" until 1813. Concerning the valse, *The Times* of February 19, 1796, had the following note:—

"The balls at Southampton are exceedingly lively and well attended. The young ladies are particularly favourable to a German dance called the Volse : for squeezing, hugging, etc., it is excellent, and more than one lady has fainted in the middle of it."

But it remained a provincial dance until the Ladies' Committee of "Almack's" deigned to smile upon it,

*It is on record that Napoleon Bonaparte used to dance a Quadrille called "the Battery"; though he would dance very clumsily, he would keep it up until 2 a.m. on more than one occasion.

when it was accepted, albeit after some resistance from the straight-laced and more refined, who at first condemned it as indelicate and awkward; nice girls would be told by their chaperons not "to exhibit themselves in a valse"—vulgar lampoons and caricatures became the order of the day, but the valse survived them all. The partners in this first valse at "Almack's" bore very historic names; Countess (later the Princess) de Lieven and Lord Palmerston, Princess Esterhazy and Baron de Neumann.

In addition to the ladies who were in virtual control of "Almack's" and played leading parts at Carlton House, there were many other prominent women who "queened" it in Society, although "Almack's" might regard them as second-rate; after the collapse of Napoleon, they were to be found in numbers both in London and Paris. There was, for instance, Lady Cork, whose parties of a distinctly Bohemian type in Old Burlington Street were always well-attended; there one would find Continental guests of sometimes doubtful antecedents, but delightful manners, although their hair might require the scissors and their chins have had little acquaintance with a razor. On one occasion she even had as guest a reformed Chief from the Cannibal Islands. Articles of value belonging to guests would disappear mysteriously and be returned to their owners as mysteriously under a threat of exposure—rightly or wrongly. Lady Cork was suspected of a financial interest in these thefts, so that careful guests would leave their valuables at home! Mrs. Boehm was another noted hostess of the period, whose well-appointed house in St. James's Square was the scene

of many delightful balls and masquerades.

When the French Revolution broke out, many women who had been the idols of men of fashion in Paris, owing to their beauty and easy morals, fled to England, where they would obtain access even to exclusive sets, at a time when sympathy was extended to any kind of refugee from the "Terror," too close inquiry into their antecedents being, by tacit consent, discreetly avoided. One of these soon attracted the attention of that old reprobate, the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q."), and many foolish young men lost their heads over this syren and were brought to ruin; she had the unusual experience of having two brothers as lovers: The elder, though not averse from lavishing his fortune upon her, would be careful to guard his reputation by not being seen with her in public, but the other, not so wise and circumspect, would delight in being her escort on all and every occasion, to the no small amusement of the more experienced men of the world. On returning to Paris in 1815, after the restoration of the Bourbons, she had the mortification of discovering that she was forgotten, that her day was over, and that the mannerisms which had been so attractive in a youthful beauty, were merely ridiculous in a woman approaching middle-age; her style "dated" her, and although she had not lost her wit and cleverness, she soon disappeared from the social horizon. Moreover, a time was now looming ahead, when women of that ilk would find their own level, and no longer be able, as "butterfly queens," to influence the policies of Government, or dispose of lucrative posts in the public services for a consideration, as in

the case of the notorious Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, whose revelations as to her sale of Army commissions through her connection with the Commander-in-Chief, the then Duke of York, at the enquiry instituted by the House of Commons on the initiative of Colonel Wardle, caused a great sensation. Under the guise of a pretended affection for her, Wardle had wormed himself into her confidence and obtained from her many names of those who had been fortunate enough to have secured the lady's favour and intervention on their behalf. At the termination of the enquiry, the Duke resigned his position, and at the same time repudiated this clever, fascinating, but very dangerous woman. After the defection of her royal lover, she declared her intention of publishing his love-letters to her, in which he had discussed very freely other members of the Royal Family. Sir Herbert Taylor, commissioned for the purpose, obtained these letters from her at a great price, and secured a written undertaking from her that she would abstain, under heavy pains and penalties, from besmirching further the honour of any member of the reigning House. In addition, she was given a pension, on condition that she resided for the future on the Continent. She first went to Brussels, where she succeeded in marrying her daughters without any too close enquiry being made as to their paternity! Thence she went to Paris, where she passed a very pleasant life, her great charm of manner securing her many friends to whom she would relate many secrets of London Society, and how, in her capacity of his amanuensis, she secured Army commissions by submitting lists of

names to the Duke of York, who would sign the documents she placed before him without examination! The fact that the commissions actually granted or the promotions agreed upon were found to have been mysteriously increased in the lists, had for some time aroused the suspicions of the Horse Guards.

It is curious to discover that the first exposure came about through a desire for revenge on the part of a certain M'Cullum for the cruel treatment he had suffered in Trinidad, as related in a periodical of the time:—

"The celebrated exposure of these parties had for its immediate cause the resentment of one M'Cullum against Picton (afterward Sir Thomas). As governor of Trinidad, Picton had been notorious for his cruel and arbitrary conduct; and, among other acts, he imprisoned M'Cullum for some time in an underground dungeon among the most hideous reptiles. On getting away to England M'Cullum sought justice, and united himself with the party of Louisa Calderon. But finding himself baffled, and as he believed by royal influence, he swore he would make *a pair of spectacles* of Picton and his protector. First, then, he published his Travels in Trinidad to expose Picton; and then he ferretted out charges against the War Office, and through Colonel Wardle brought forward the famous great-coat contract. This being negatived by a ministerial majority, he then traced Mrs. Clarke, and arranged the whole of that exposure for Wardle and others.

To effect this object in the teeth of power, he wrought night and day for months, though utterly destitute during the whole time of resources. He lodged in a garret in Hungerford-market, and often did not taste food for twenty-four hours. He lived just to see the Duke dismissed from office, and to publish a small narrative, and then died of exhaustion

and want. Before he went to Trinidad, he had been secretary to Touissant at St. Domingo; but, by birth, he was a Scottish highlander."

A woman of a very different type from the foregoing, and one who attracted considerable attention both in London and Paris was Betsy Patterson, the daughter of William Patterson, the richest merchant of Baltimore, whom Jerome Bonaparte had married there on December 24, 1803, on being sent to the United States of America by his brother Napoleon, in order to cure him of his dissipated habits. The marriage was, however, annulled at the instance of Napoleon on the ground that Jerome, as a minor, had married without the consent of his relations.* The great Corsican, having other plans, then forced his brother into a marriage with Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg. An offer by Jerome, now King of Westphalia, to create Betsy Duchess of Westphalia and to grant her an allowance of 200,000 francs a year in exchange for their son Jerome, who was born at Camberwell, Surrey—now a part of London, England—in 1805, was indignantly refused by her with the words: "Westphalia is not large enough to have two Queens!" Nevertheless, she accepted a pension from Napoleon himself of 60,000 francs a year. The marriage having been dissolved by a special Act of the State of Maryland, Betsy grew tired of the monotony of Baltimore and returned to Europe. In England she at once excited by her charm of manner the admiration of the Duke of Wellington, of Madame de Staël and of many other

*Le Rousse, Paris.*

noted people. Going to Paris in 1815, she fascinated King Louis XVIII to such an extent that he desired to attach her to his Court, an offer which Betsy declined, saying, that "as she had received a pension from the exiled Napoleon, it would be undignified for her to be presented at the Court of his rival."

Our ancestors must have had considerably tougher constitutions than ourselves, to judge from their drinking habits—to be a "four or five bottle man" was nothing unusual during the first part of the nineteenth century. Many men who have made history and earned immortality were great drinkers; the great Lord Eldon used to boast that he and his brother had drunk more Port than any other two men in England.

The Englishman has always liked his food and drink to be of the "solid" kind; he has never really taken to French "kickshaws," a contempt which the French *gourmet* cordially reciprocates in his comments on English cookery. But our cookery has the advantage of being healthier and more wholesome than its French cousin—one has only to compare the superior physique of the average Briton.

The usual English dinner of 1815 consisted of mulligatawny and turtle soup, salmon and turbot, saddle of mutton or roast beef, then fowls, tongue and ham, with liquid refreshment ad lib—all honest and undisguised fare. If a French dish or two were introduced, it would be treated as a side-dish and rarely touched—the servants would get it as a perquisite which, it is credibly stated, would find its way

only too often into the centre of the roadway, to be scrambled for by vagrant men or dogs. The potatoes would appear on the table plainly boiled, and the vegetables, without any sauce, usually cold. The Continental visitor might laugh or grumble to his heart's content, but John Bull's healthy Conservatism would survive all this, and so would his vegetables.

A more elaborate social dinner in the West-End of London would end with dessert, which a well-known Bond Street caterer would be asked to supply —but such an addition to the bill of fare might prove expensive, since as much as ten guineas for ten persons might be charged for this provision alone. A mixed dinner party of the period would consist of eight or ten men and three or four women, when there would be keen competition to secure as guests such noted wits as Sydney Smith, Lord Alvanley, Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott. Scott could always tell a good story, besides being fond of the best Port. Byron, it is said, disliked having women at table to dinner, because they were always served first and given the wings of the chicken, of which he was passionately fond, so that he had to be content with the legs, which he disliked, but he would remember in time that he was a poet, and declare that he did not like to see women eat and drink, because it destroyed their "etherialism" and "romance."

Port, Sherry and Hock were "a man's drink," Claret and Burgundy would be put aside as being only "fit for women," the latter, however, so it was said, if deprived of the heavier varieties *in public*, would not infrequently outpace the "superior male"

in their capacity to absorb unlimited quantities of stimulants *in private.*

I will conclude this chapter with the following story which appeared in the *Liverpool Courier* about 1895, concerning that prince of journalists, the late George Augustus Sala:—

"Some years ago Mr. Sala went to Paris on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph* to write on the subject of French cookery and French restaurants. Such praise of Parisian kickshaws was never lavished before, and the extolling, to the complete discomfiture of English cooks, lasted for fully six weeks. Everything in the cooking line in Paris was grand, everything in England in the same line was horrible. At the end of the six weeks Mr. Sala returned to London, went immediately to the *Cheshire Cheese,* in Fleet-street, and said to the head waiter, 'William, bring me a beef-steak, some potatoes in their jackets, and a pint of ale. I've had nothing to eat for six weeks.' "

## CHAPTER II.

# WHEN THE ALLIES ENTERED PARIS IN 1815.

"How are the mighty fallen!"—2 Samuel i. 19 20.

IT was just a week after the battle of Waterloo had been lost and won, namely, on the 25th June, 1815, that some of the allied troops entered the City of Paris, and encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, at that time merely a swampy and neglected wood. The British troops behaved admirably, but the Prussians, about 10,000 strong, had, it seems, quite lost their heads as the result of a surprising victory and the merciless pursuit of a beaten enemy; they began to cut down or burn down some of the fine old trees there in sheer wantonness—these irregular proceedings produced a certain coolness between the two forces, so that the mutual courtesies as between Allies became limited to what was merely "officially" requisite, as required by Service Regulations, especially after the Prussian soldiers had installed themselves in the wonderful rooms of the Palace of St. Cloud and were treating the lovely apartments of the Empress Marie Louise like a stable or a barracks. Those who have had experience of official life, will understand perfectly the fine distinction between merely "correct" and "cordial" relations.

The Champs Elysées were also, at that time, anything but Elysian in their aspect—the houses were few, and such lighting as existed was confined to a few primitive oil-lamps suspended on cords slung across the road. On the whole the British troops, as they marched to their bivouac, created a good impression with the population, with the exception of the Scotsmen, whose absence of nether garments was regarded by the Parisians as verging on indecency. Considering the low moral standard of Paris at this period, perhaps the lowest in Europe, such an objection can only raise a smile.

Yet even in those days Paris had many beautiful buildings, among the greatest of which was the Palace of the Tuileries, so wantonly destroyed by the Communists in 1871. The Boulevards were not in the least as they are to-day, before Baron Haussmann arose to remodel the city; such handsome mansions as were to be found stood in their own grounds, with each side of the road lined with lovely trees, and shady walks were the happy hunting-grounds of romance and glorious youth who, so delightfully blind is love, did not in the least mind the mere apologies for pavements or the bare soil of the road, with an unsavoury gutter down the centre, that served as a means of drainage.

It was not to be expected that the defeated should receive the victors with open arms, but there existed a kind of unwritten truce, which served as a check to any hostile demonstrations; an observer of the time has recorded his impression that the people seemed to have lost all their spirit—they seemed to be completely dazed by the enormity of the crowning

disaster that had overtaken them. Those who had still something to lose—a small minority—were busily engaged in the difficult task of salving something from the wreckage. Napoleon had fled from Malmaison to Rochefort on the 29th of June, leaving the victims of his final desperate gamble with fate to shift for themselves, but personally well provided with books on the United States, to which country he hoped to escape; such government as still remained was compelled to make pathetic, but futile, efforts to maintain some kind of order and to conceal, as far as possible, the full extent of the overwhelming disaster; they even kept back the lists of the killed and wounded, and went so far as to publish in the *Moniteur Universel*, which, in 1869, became the *Moniteur Officiel*, a statement intended to give the impression that the French had gained a victory —seeing that the vanguard of the Allies had already entered the outskirts of Paris, one must wonder what object it was hoped to attain by such futile deception —but panic always creates incomprehensible actions. Yet the fears of the authorities would seem to have been groundless, since the populace was too stupefied to think of rioting, with the exception of Marseilles, where a massacre had occurred on the 25th June. By the 26th of July, 1815, the volatile Parisians had largely recovered from their initial depression and were ready to give to Louis XVIII., on his re-entry into Paris after the "Hundred Days," the same kind of enthusiastic reception which they had only a few short months ago accorded to Napoleon, with the cry of "Vive le Roi!" in place of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounding on all sides. The

King, portly and good-natured, would smile benevolently from the windows of his lumbering state-coach as it passed along the streets to the Tuileries, for all the world as if he and his suite were only just returning from a pleasant little holiday in the country.

This behaviour on the part of the Parisian populace, which history has repeated more than once, caused the late Henry Seton Merriman to write the following scathing lines in his novel, "Barlasch of the Guard":—

> "For France, among a multitude of virtues, has one vice unpardonable to Northern men; she turns upon a fallen friend," and that the French "are constant only in their fickleness, worshipping one day what they execrate the next and throwing down with their own hands from its pedestal the idol they themselves had set up a few weeks before."

How great events in history and fashions are closely allied, in fact, repeat themselves, we find illustrated after every war. I will not stress our present fashions, but it is certainly curious to note that after Napoleon's final collapse, the dresses of the ladies of Paris became very scanty and short, with little or no waist, their bonnets were exaggerated in size and reached a foot from their faces and they carried fans, often of very artistic and beautiful design, or fancy bags; a writer has observed that "it would appear to have been the aim of the ladies to exhibit to view as much of the body as possible."

Owing to the long-continued warfare between the two countries, communications were only maintained in a very desultory manner, so that it is not surprising to find that when the men and women of the then

fashionable world of London arrived in Paris in July, 1815, they found their costumes to be surprisingly out of tune with those worn by their late enemies—the Englishwomen wore long, straight *pelisses* of several colours, the skirt was of a different colour from the bodice, the bonnet of the bee-hive kind and very small. The gentlemen were dressed in a light blue or snuff coloured coat, ornamented with brass buttons, and the tail of the coat almost touching the heels; the fob held many seals of exaggerated size, the pantaloons were very short and tight at the knees, they had a spacious waistcoat and a voluminous cravat à la Beau Brummell, the whole presenting both in men and women a contrast, of which the French were not slow to avail themselves in sly jests and half-concealed amusement—even such a petty revenge for defeat seemed to afford them some satisfaction. There is a French saying that ridicule kills, but it did not kill the Briton, who was made of sterner stuff and, in most cases, stuck to his London outfit, with a muttered imprecation ". . . and be d——d to 'em."

It has been asserted that a good caricature will often give a better idea of incidents than the most perfect actual representation, as is shown by the accompanying reproductions from old prints of the period.

## CHAPTER III.

# NAPOLEON.

"As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular."
—Oscar Wilde, "The Critic as Artist."

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"There never was a good war or a bad peace"
—Benjamin Franklin, "Letter" (1773).

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" 'The Code Napoleon' alone would have earned immortality for Napoleon." —Anon.

WITH the French, Napoleon Bonaparte, or Napoleone Buonaparte, as was his correct family name, has become an almost legendary figure, and there are not wanting critics who aver that the French Republic has only survived since 1871, because there has not been among the Bonapartes a man of sufficient ability and magnetic personality to dazzle the imagination of such a volatile and excitable people as our Gallic neighbours. One wonders what might have happened, if the Assegais of a few naked savages during the Zulu war had not killed the Prince Imperial, and the latter had returned to Europe with the halo of some cheaply-won military glory—a brilliant young man of fascinating presence, with the great name of Napoleon as his powerful ally!

It is curious to note, as John Robert Seeley, one time Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, states in his "Short History of Napoleon the First," that the great Corsican's father wrote the name as "Buonaparte" down to the year 1796, though the other spelling occurs in early Italian documents; it was of Tuscan origin. There is first mention of a branch of this Tuscan family settling in Corsica at least as early as the sixteenth century. It appears that they possessed a very ancient title of nobility granted to the family by the great Republic of Genoa, in addition to letters of nobility obtained by Napoleon's grandfather from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, so that they had the right to sign as "De Buonaparte." The marriage of Charles Marie de Buonaparte at the age of eighteen to Letitia Ramolino, aged fifteen, produced thirteen children, of whom there lived to grow up, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, whose grandson is buried in Petersham Churchyard, near Richmond, Surrey; Pauline, Caroline, Elise, Louis, and Jerome. Joseph became, first, king of Naples, later of Spain; Napoleon, Emperor of the French; Caroline, the queen of Naples, through her marriage to Murat; Louis, king of Holland; Jerome, king of Westphalia.

Professor Seeley has the following explanation of the controversy regarding the date of Napoleon's birth:—

"It is the accepted opinion that Napoleon was born at Ajaccio on August 15, 1769. This opinion rests indeed on the positive statement of Joseph, but it is certain from documents that on January 7, 1768, Madame Letitia bore a son at Corte,

who was baptized by the name of Nabulione. And even in legal documents we find contradictory statements about the time and place of birth, not only of Napoleon, but also of Joseph. It has been suggested that all difficulties disappear at once if we suppose that Napoleon and Nabulione were one and the same, and that Joseph was really the second son, whom the parents found it convenient to pass off as the first-born. This they may have found convenient when, in 1779, they gained admission for a son to the military academy of Brienne. A son born in 1768 would at that date be inadmissible, as being above ten years of age. On this supposition Napoleon was introduced by a fraud to that military career which changed the face of the world! Nevertheless, it is certain from Lucien's memoir that of such a fraud nothing was known to the younger members of the family, who regarded Joseph as without doubt the eldest."

It was, perhaps, owing to the modest circumstances in which he was brought up in Corsica, in that lovely "Isle of Unrest," as Seton Merriman has so aptly called that jewel planted in the azure waters of the tideless Mediterranean Sea, where his father had been a small advocate blessed with a very large family, that Napoleon first acquired those habits of economy which he practised at all times in his household, if one may believe the account given by a one time member of his domestic establishment, during the time that the Emperor was the virtual master of Europe, with the exception of England, which he could never conquer; this official has said of him:—

"The Emperor, though at times very magnificent, and knowing as his nephew does (Napoleon III. must be meant), how to reward services due to the country, was a man of much order in all his domestic arrangements and would not allow certain sums which he had laid down and allotted for

special purposes, to be exceeded on any account. He knew to the fraction of a coin what was spent every day in his household. He gave one hundred francs for his own food, which was very simple and allowed the Grand Marshal of the Palace, General Bertrand, twenty francs a head for the persons who dined habitually at his table, and forty francs for those whom the Emperor invited to dinner. Napoleon generally dined alone, except on Sundays, when some of the most favoured members of his family were admitted to his table. A roast fowl was kept continually ready for his dinner, as the great man rarely dined at the same hour, and when he ordered dinner, expected it to be served immediately. His beverage was Chambertin and water."

It was the irony of fate that in spite of his commendably abstemious mode of living, he grew very fat towards the end of his life.

Even the greatest men have their superstitious weaknesses, and in this respect Napoleon proved no exception to his fellows. One of these obsessions, if it may be called so, was that clever impostor, Madame Le Normand, who dwelt in 1815 in the rue St. Pères in Paris. In appearance she has been described as hideous of aspect, reminding one of a large toad; with her one wall-eye she would terrify her dupes until they were quite ready to believe anything she might tell them. The room in which she gave her *séances* had the walls covered with stuffed birds, owls, many uncanny cabalistic signs and a number of skeletons—the room would be darkened, there would be a table, placed under a mirror in such fashion as to be visible to her alone through a cunning arrangement of curtains and all the other usual paraphernalia of her trade. These "properties" were meant to, and *did*, impress the weak-

minded; it is more than amazing, therefore, that a man of such commanding intellect and strong will as Napoleon should have permitted such a person as Le Normand to dominate him with her hocus-pocus. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that she foretold correctly the fate of the famous Princesse de Lamballe, Robespierre, St. Just, Danton—possibly not so difficult a task, if she had learnt something of history, could read the signs of the times and understood the French temperament. It must have been more difficult for her, however, to forecast the future of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's distinguished generals, to become king of Sweden, and of the Empress Josephine. Napoleon's fate could be gathered, possibly, from a knowledge of his character, his state of health and the old historic fact, that if you beat an enemy often enough, as the great Corsican beat the Continental Powers, he learns in the end how to beat and crush his formidable adversary. Most of the prominent men and women of the time, including many crowned heads,were Madame Le Normand's clients, and in her ante-rooms the world and the half-world would rub shoulders indiscriminately when she "received." After the fall of Napoleon, the Bourbons, whose family dates back to the year 864, became her regular clients. But the people who, perhaps, valued her most, were the police, to whom she would supply, naturally for a cash consideration, many a useful piece of information which she had gathered from her victims' unguarded confidences; criminals are notoriously superstitious, and they would often consult her as to the possible success or failure of some "enterprise" they were bearing in

mind, and of which they would unconsciously divulge the secret to this sharp-witted and unscrupulous woman.

The exacting demands which Napoleon always made upon people for prompt and immediate service, no matter at what inconvenience to his unfortunate subordinates, are well illustrated in the following extract from "A Circumstantial Account of the Campaign of 1813 in Saxony," written by Baron D'Odeleben, a General Officer in the French Army, on Bonaparte's habits on the field:—

"It is no wonder that the Abbé du Pradt should complain of the incessant fatigue consequent on the service of his *quondam* master; Adjutants, Generals, and Marshals, being all obliged to hurry from one spot to another in blind subserviency to his orders. Soult, recalled in the spring from Spain, had made every arrangement for passing the summer in Germany, and had brought his family to Dresden; but, two days afterward, came the intelligence of the battle of Vittoria, which produced an order to the Marshal to depart during the next night, with all the officers of his staff. Caulincourt and Berthier, from the habit of attendance on Bonaparte at all hours, and in all situations, seemed to have become insensible to fatigue. . . . In the course of his campaigns, Napoleon was often very indifferently lodged, sometimes in a tent, and at others in an old castle or large farmhouse: but the principal object was not to find a lodging-room, so much as a *cabinet de travail* (office) for himself and secretaries. When encamped, a tent adjacent to his own was fitted up for this purpose, having in the middle, a large table, with a map of the theatre of operations: On this map were placed a number of movable pins, which marked the position of the different corps of the French Army, and of those of the enemy as far as they were known, the different nations being discriminated by difference of colour. During the night, the map continued

spread out on the table, with a compass and a number of candles. It was usual to place in the corners of the *cabinet de travail,* tables for the secretaries, to one or another of whom the Emperor was accustomed to dictate, while walking up and down the apartment in morning-dress, or in uniform. He dictated to one only at a time, but his words flowed with a rapidity which obliged his secretaries to use shorthand; and, when we add that his orders were in general brief, and directed only to a few general points (leaving it to Berthier and others to give them the necessary extension), we need not wonder that the conceptions of one mind supplied labour for a number of persons. His secretaries were sufficiently dexterous in the performance of their respective tasks, without being distinguished for originality of mind. His geographical assistant, or, to use the high-sounding French phrase, *le directeur du bureau topographique,* was a Colonel d'Albe, an officer of considerable erudition and indefatigable application. The station was flattering, but it prevented him from being master of a moment's time when in the field, night and day being alike devoted to his duty. Bonaparte, when in expectation of important intelligence, was extremely restless, and often rose as early as two in the morning. His order then was "Call d'Albe—let everyone wake up!" after which he proceeded to business and continued engaged two hours or more, according to the exigency of the occasion. At times he was employed during the whole night, and instead of rest, took the warm bath in the morning. Even in the hurry of a campaign, it was his rule to have diplomatic secretaries by his side, his fertile brain passing alternately from tactics to politics, and issuing instruction at one time for his Ministers, at another for his Marshals. His travelling carriage (which was sold at Bullock's Museum, in Piccadilly, in 1819, for £168 —Author's note.) was so constructed as to admit of continuing in it the labours of the cabinet, being lighted from behind by a large lamp, while in the inside were drawers for despatches and reports. Opposite to his seat was a list of the towns through which he was about to pass; on the outside

were four lamps, and the vehicle rolled rapidly on, drawn by six horses, and guided by two postillions. The carriage was, however, exchanged for a seat on horse-back, whenever he arrived near the scene of operations, or had an object in acquiring a knowledge of the country. When the imperial suite rode out, Caulincourt was generally seen carrying a map fastened to his person, and ready to be unrolled when summoned by his master."

When one remembers his extraordinary energy, it is surprising to read the following account by Madame de Rémusat of his faulty pronunciation, his inability to read writing and his marked foreign accent:—

"Bonaparte's incorrect pronunciation was a great drawback on State occasions. In general he had his speech drawn up for him. M. Maret, I believe, most frequently undertook that task, but sometimes it fell to M. Vigaud, or even to M. de Fontanes, and he would try to learn the discourse by heart, but vainly, for the least constraint was insupportable to him. He always ended by resolving to read his speech, and it was copied out for him in a large hand; for he was little accustomed to read writing, and could have made nothing out of his own. Then he would be instructed in the proper pronunciation of the words, but when he came to speak he forgot his lesson, and in a muffled voice, with lips scarcely parted, would read the speech in an accent more strange even than it was foreign, most unpleasant, and indeed vulgar. I have heard numbers of persons say that they always felt a painful sensation on hearing him speak in public. The indisputable testimony of his accent to the fact that he was a foreigner struck painfully on the ear and the mind alike. I have myself sometimes experienced this involuntary sensation."

However one may admire the genius of Napoleon, one must admit that good breeding was not one of his qualities—in spite of his great rise in the world,

his manners remained somewhat provincial, and he could never acquire the *savoir faire* of the great world into which destiny had thrust him. Wellington used to complain that "Napoleon was not a gentleman," while Moreau, with prophetic insight, observed: "What characterises him is a mixture of falsehood and of the love of life—when he is beaten you will see him fall at your feet and ask his life," and Chateaubriand (1768-1848), the great French writer and poet, summed up his character in the words: "He is like the rebel angels, at one time he can contract into a dwarf, at another expand into a giant."

Although Napoleon would resent and, if occasion offered, punish any familiarity towards himself coming from others, he would indulge in this habit without stint in his intercourse with men and women. A favourite habit of his was to pinch the ear—none too gently—of any person he liked or desired to flatter; the crowd of Court sycophants which surrounded him, would pretend to be delighted at this sign of Imperial condescension, but there were others, of more independent spirit, who disliked such attentions from the "Bourgeois Emperor." When, one day, he pinched the ear of a well-known and influential French physician, the latter protested: "Sire, you are hurting me very much." The doctor was never molested again, but also never forgiven for this publicly administered rebuke.

Napoleon who, had the American term then been invented, would have been called "a live wire," had no use for cowards and shirkers. One day, on attending a hunt, he noticed several young men in

hunting gear. The Emperor enquired why these robust young men were not serving in the Army; when it was explained to him that they had, at great expense, obtained substitutes, and thus escaped the conscription, he ordered them to "join up" by the morning or take the consequences—an order which was promptly obeyed, so great was the fear of the Emperor's wrath.

If he treated men with scant consideration, his behaviour towards women was, at times, no less unpleasant; he would care nothing for their feelings, and for him a modest woman did not exist—he certainly would act towards them as if modesty in a woman were a non-existent quantity. If he could, in public, embarrass a woman by some indiscreet remark or uncomfortable allusion, nothing would seem to afford him greater amusement—his rudeness would sometimes, however, only serve to cloak feelings of an entirely different nature. History knows of the case of the lovely Madame Récamier, whose persecution by Napoleon was merciless because, it was declared, she had rejected his amorous addresses; in contrast to this, he earned the undying hatred of Madame de Staël because he had remained cold to her obvious advances, and had treated them with marked disdain.

Madame de Staël (1766-1817) has been described as a large, masculine-looking woman, rather coarse in her appearance, but with fine arms, and dark, flashing eyes, which reflected wit and genius. Talleyrand (1754-1838) although he owed his appointment in 1796 to her intervention, and had at one time been very intimate with her, declared that "her great wit

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bored him." Once, when with her in a boat, she asked him, what he would do, if she fell into the water: "Ah, Madame," he replied, glancing at her large hands and feet, "you must be such a good swimmer!" When she found that the Emperor remained cold to her charms and advances, she conceived a great hatred for him; he exiled her in 1802, but she returned later, when he had to exile her again on account of her new book "De l'Allemagne," which exposed Napoleon's oppressive system of government abroad; although the book was seized by the police and officially suppressed, many copies found their way into other hands and, in addition, after her flight to England, it was republished by John Murray in 1813. Her writings against him did him much harm and contributed to his ultimate downfall, perhaps as much as the notorious Pozzo di Borgo, another Corsican of Ajaccio, who had once assisted General Paoli and hated Napoleon with all his might; Pitt employed him for so-called "diplomatic missions," but his real character was more in the nature of a spy.

After the restoration of 1815, Madame de Staël returned to Paris and died in 1817. Her brain-power was overwhelming, and has been compared to that of the stupendous Dr. Samuel Johnson; she was the most brilliant conversationalist of the time, but her talking was so continuous, that people would, in the end, flee from her in terror and boredom. She was a great admirer of Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832), historian and philosopher, mention of whom recalls the pathetic words from the letter of Lucy Aikin (1781-1864), author of "Poetry for Chil-

dren," and of the Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and of Joseph Addison, to the famous Dr. Channing:—

"Poor Mackintosh! You will ere this have learned that he is beyond the reach of your acknowledgments. He lies in the church-yard which I see from my windows—under the yew-tree."

Beside Mackintosh, there rest now, in that churchyard at Hampstead, Lucy Aikin and Joanna Baillie (1762-1851), the playwright, whom Scott so much admired; these ladies, together with Mary Somerville (1780-1872), the scientific writer, and a few other clever women of the time, had formed an intellectual link between the end of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, their activities thus covering the whole of the Napoleonic period.

It was not surprising that the aristocrats of St. Germain, representatives of the old régime, should detest the "parvenu Emperor," whom the Revolution had cast up, yet to whom, for reasons of policy or personal safety, they were compelled to bow the knee. They would take their revenge by making their obeisance to "His Majesty" as rarely as possible. A lady of the highest social position had the habit of calling only once, or, at the most, twice a year to make her bow to Napoleon and Josephine, and later, to Marie Louise; the latter was, after all, she concluded, the daughter of a "real Emperor" of "the House of Hapsburg," and upon her she would wait twice a year. This annoyed the great Corsican, who addressed her on one of

these infrequent occasions in the sharp, irritated manner which he knew how to assume: "I know that you do not love me," to which the lady, rapidly collecting her wits, made answer: "Sire, I am still only for admiration."

Innumerable as have been the controversies as to the causes that led to Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, the mystery still remains unsolved. Admittedly, his plan for the battle was one of the best he had ever propounded, knowing, as he did, that if he lost the day he had cast the gambler's last throw! The French fought well, they had no need to feel ashamed of their valour, but though his troops still adored him, they had lost faith in his former invincibility, the unquestioning belief in him which would, at one time, have led them "to follow him into hell itself, had he commanded it," as a writer once declared; it was this supreme confidence in Napoleon which had made Wellington observe that his presence on the field of battle was equal to an additional 40,000 men to the French Army, and the great Duke never made the mistake of underestimating Napoleon. Erckmann Chatrian and other competent historians have noted that at Waterloo he was no longer his old self, quite apart from the fact that he was already beginning to suffer from the first symptoms of the disease—cancer in the stomach—from which he died ultimately at St. Helena on May 5, 1821. Then there were traitors in his camp, men whose fortunes he had made at one time, but upon whom he could no longer rely. Frances, Lady Shelley tells the story that a French cuirassier, a deserter from Napoleon's Army, warned Wellington of the Emperor's im-

pending attack within the next half-hour and thus put him on the alert and ready to meet the terriffic onslaught. He made several mistakes during that memorable June 18, of which Wellington did not fail to take immediate advantage, and some of his orders were said to lack the old decision and crispness. His cavalry was superb, the "best in Europe," as Wellington declared, and his artillery as good as it has always been with the French Army, as it is to this day, but he is said to have failed in supporting it by a *timely* infantry advance *en masse*. If there was one general in Napoleon's army who understood war, and understood Wellington, seeing how many times he had been opposed to him in the Spanish Peninsula, and therefore *knew*, it was Soult; when he protested at Waterloo to Napoleon against cavalry being used to attack the British square, the Emperor replied: "You think Wellington a great man, General, because he has beaten you!" How right Soult had been, was proved before long, when his cavalry "had foamed itself away upon the English squares," as Professor Seeley observes.

There exists a poem on the battle of Waterloo, which is worth reproducing:—

Before the sun had drunk the dew,
The marching columns glanced in view,
And on the plains of Waterloo,
The cry was—"Death or Victory!"

The bugle rang its war-note high,
The battle thunder rends the sky;
And onward to the charge they fly;
And rank to rank closed rapidly.

In dread array the warriors meet,
And high their hearts for glory beat;
The redden'd soil beneath their feet
Has mark'd the battle's boundary.

O! few shall hail the ev'ning horn,
Who heard its sound at dawn of morn;
And widow'd mothers long shall mourn
The soldier's timeless destiny!

Their country's tears shall dew the grave
Where valour sleeps; and o'er the brave
Proud Freedom shall her banner wave,
To consecrate their memory!

The stranger oft, with anxious tread,
Shall visit where the hero bled,
And o'er the British soldier's bed
Shall rouse the deeds of chivalry.

The cause is won—the warfare o'er,
And bleeding Europe bows no more
Beneath Oppression's galling power,—
A Tyrant's lawless dynasty.

It is difficult to believe, as Lady Shelley states in her charming "Diary," that Bonaparte had expressed the highest admiration for England and was most anxious to reside there; I can believe in his wish to reside in England, but in his admiration . . .!

The following extract from a letter by Mr. James Strong, of Trowbridge, in the *Sunday Times* of July 7, 1929, throws an interesting light on the French feelings towards this country during the Napoleonic period:—

"The term 'Perfide Albion' is attributed to Napoleon I. in 1803, and the French Press was then filled with diatribes against 'perfidious Albion,' and overflowed into splenetic

pamphlets, one of which bade odious England tremble under the consciousness of her bad faith and the expectation of swift and condign chastisement owing to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens."

From what one can gather, Napoleon had a very poor opinion of the Czar Alexander, who has been described as having been a foolish, good-natured, dancing, prancing dandy, so that Wellington nicknamed him "the Scythian Dandy." He seems to have had an equally unfavourable opinion of Metternich, who was Austrian Foreign Minister from the 8th October, 1809 to the 13th March, 1848, since he said of him: "He lies too much. One may lie sometimes, but always—it is too much!" and Napoleon should have known, since he has himself been described as "a consummate liar."

Mention of Metternich recalls an incident that happened at a Court dinner party at Vienna in 1816. A fair-minded Englishman, who had fought and been wounded at Waterloo, was present and was much annoyed at hearing nothing but abuse of the fallen Emperor. Metternich, believing that a former enemy of Napoleon could only think badly of him, observed to his guest: "And you, my lord, what do you think of Napoleon?" "I believe that he has rendered past glory doubtful and future renown impossible," was the reply, in itself the greatest compliment ever conferred on the defeated.

There arose another defender of Napoleon in the person of Hazlitt, the famous essayist, who in one of his lectures declared:—

"There is one subject on which Lord Byron is fond of writing, on which I wish he would not write—Bonaparte.

Not that I quarrel with his writing for him, or against him, but with his writing both *for* and *against* him. What right has he to do this? Bonaparte's character, be it what else it may, does not change every hour according to his lordship's varying humour. He is not a pipe for fortune's finger, or for his lordship's muse, to play what stop she pleases on.. Why should Lord Byron now laud him to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreak his disappointment on the god of his idolatry? The man he writes of does not rise or fall with circumstances, but 'looks on tempests and is never shaken.' ''

A matter of historic interest, which I have been permitted to copy from the Record Book No. 3 in possession of the Consulate-General for the United States of America in London, contains the following ''Declaration,'' dated Washington, November 24th, 1815, as an addition to the new Commercial Treaty concluded between Great Britain and the United States of America, after the conclusion of the war between the two centuries.* This epoch-making Treaty was published in the *National Intelligencer* and the Convention signed in London by John Q. Adams, H. Clay, Albert Gallatin, Fred. J. Robinson, Henry Goulburn and William Adams as Plenipotentiaries and confirmed by James Madison, President, and James Monroe, Secretary of State, at Washington, on the 22nd December, 1815; from the latter the ''Monroe Doctrine'' takes its name.

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*The mention of the city named after him, reminds me of the curious fact that George Washington drew his *last* breath in the *last* hour, of the *last* day, of the *last* week, of the *last* month, of the *last* year, of the *last* century—the 18th—preceding the century, the 19th, into which the above Declaration falls; Washington died on Saturday night, at 12 o'clock, on December 31st, 1799.

In the aforesaid "Declaration" Mr. Anthony Baker, His Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, states that he is "Commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on behalf of His Majesty, to Explain and declare upon the Exchange of the Ratifications of the Convention concluded at London on the 3rd of July in the present Year, for regulating the commerce and navigation between the two Countries, that in consequence of Events which have happened in Europe subsequent to the signature of the Convention aforesaid, it has been deemed expedient and determined, in Conjunction with the Allied Sovereigns, that St. Helena shall be the place allotted for the residence of General Napoleon Bonaparte, under such regulations as may be necessary for the perfect Security of his Person, and it has been resolved for that purpose, that all ships and vessels whatever, as well as British ships and vessels as others, excepting only Ships belonging to the East Indian Company, shall be excluded from all communication with, or approach to, that Island. It has, therefore, become impossible to comply with so much of the Third Article of the Treaty as relates to the liberty of touching for refreshments at the Island of St. Helena, and the Ratification of the said Treaty will be exchanged under the Explicit declaration and understanding that the vessels of the United States cannot be allowed to touch at or hold any communication whatsoever with the said Island, so long as the said Island shall continue to be the place of residence of the said Napoleon Bonaparte."

A good story is told of Napoleon which shows that

he was not without the gift of humour. One day, as he was riding with a party of officers through a forest, he observed some wood-cutters, one of whom was singing merrily at his work. The Emperor turned to his companions: "Observe that man who, though toiling hard for his daily bread, seems to be happy." The woodman, thinking that the party had lost its way, approached and asked whether he might guide them: "No," said Napoleon, "but tell me, my honest fellow, what makes you so cheerful? What may you earn a day?" "Three francs, your honour." "Three francs!" cried the Emperor, "does that support you and your family? Tell me how you manage that." "With pleasure, your honour; if you will step a little this way. With three francs I do not only keep my wife and family, but I also put money out at interest, and pay off my old debts." "Explain yourself," said the Emperor. "Willingly, your honour. I keep my wife and children; I place money out at interest by educating the latter at school, and pay off my old debts by maintaining my aged father and mother. So you see, your honour, I may well be happy." "Excellent man!" said Napoleon, "here is a Napoleon d'Or for you," tossing him the money, "keep what you have now told me a secret. I am your Emperor; and on pain of my displeasure, I enjoin you to tell no one, till you have seen my face at least one hundred times." "Sire, it shall be so," said the woodman. The same evening, as he appeared thoughtful, General Rapp asked him if anything unpleasant had occurred that day. "No," said the Emperor, "but I met a man this morning who, with three francs per day, told me he

kept his family, placed money out at interest, and paid off his old debts. Gentlemen, you will please me much if any of you can tell me the meaning of what he said." All were anxious to please the monarch, and knowing that he had spoken to a woodman in the forenoon, rode off early on the following morning; and having found the woodman, asked him did he know to whom he had spoken on the previous day. The man said, "yes, I had the honour of talking with the Emperor." "What did you say to him?" "Excuse me, gentlemen, that I must not tell you." One of the party said, "I will give you fifty Napoleons to tell me." The man said, "No, I dare not." "You shall have one hundred if you will oblige me." The woodman, after pausing a minute or two, said "Place the money in my hand and I will tell you." They placed it in his hand, and after he had carefully examined every piece he told them what had transpired. They rode back to the palace and expounded the riddle to the Emperor who, pale with anger, exclaimed, "Bring the woodman before me, dead or alive!" On being brought into the Imperial presence, the Emperor addressed the woodman thus: "Sirrah, how have you dared to break your promise with me?" "Sire," said the man with calm, "I have not disobeyed your commands." "How, slave, dare you tell me a lie?" "Sire, replied the woodman, "you told me I should tell no one until I should see your face one hundred times." Putting his hand deliberately into his pocket, the man laid the pieces of money one by one before the Emperor with the heads upwards: "There, Sire, have I not seen your face one hundred

times?" Napoleon burst into a loud fit of laughter, gave him a slap in the face, pinched his ear, called him a clever fellow, and made him a captain in the artillery.

There is the charming story from Napoleon's life on St. Helena, which shows that he had, man of blood and iron though he was thought to be, a soft corner in his heart:—

There was a little girl of nine, the daughter of a sergeant of the garrison, who often kept him company. He would delight in her society, and would always kiss her on the cheek on her appearance. He would have some fruit or sweetmeats ready for his little girl friend, and a few days before his death, hung a small watch and chain round her neck, saying, "Julie, wear this for my sake." On the cover he had engraved with a penknife the words: "The Emperor to his little friend Julie." He would try to give her lessons in drawing from the surrounding scenery, with the most laughably whimsical figures and objects interspersed. His affection for this quite ordinary child, rather backward for her age, was extraordinary. It was on the second of April that he felt the first approach of death. He was walking in his garden at Longwood, when he was overcome by faintness, and sat down upon a bank; he complained to Montholon that he felt nausea and sick stomach, the forerunners of death. When little Julie appeared he led her into the saloon, where breakfast was ready, and filled her little basket with different sweets and fruits, also a bottle of liqueur, with the words: "This is for your father to drink my health."

When he asked a jeweller if he could make him a

silver coffin, with the words, "I shall die in a few weeks," the man exclaimed, "God forbid that we should lose your Highness," to which Napoleon replied, "God grant that I may die soon, very soon; I am well convinced that life is not a blessing, but a curse."

He passed the last days of his life sitting by the garden window and reading from "Telemachus" or Voltaire's "Henriade." When he was reading an English newspaper that had been found for him, his eye was arrested by a certain passage: "Ah! Naples! Naples! poor devils—Murat was the bravest king they ever had; but he did not know his subjects. They are all Lazzaroni, from the Duke of—, down to the lowest beggar!"

His last words on the morning of his death are said to have been: "Death has nothing to affright me. For three weeks death has been the companion of my pillow. Now he is about to embrace me, and bear me away for ever!"

There is an incident on record which illustrates in an illuminating manner the horrors of war, and the total absence of that "romance," which dwells only in the imagination of poets and novelists. It was after the battle of Château-Thierry on February 12th, 1814—which place came again into the picture in the last great war—when Napoleon had succeeded in gaining one of his last victories over the Allies who were operating against him in the country between the Marne, Aube, Seine, and partly in the Department of the Aisne, that savagery broke loose and manifested itself more particularly in the women, who in brutality seemed only too anxious to

surpass their sisters of the French Revolution, who would count the heads as they fell under the knife of the Guillotine, whilst continuing their knitting and their ribald jests. It must be admitted that the Prussians, during their occupation before the battle, had treated the inhabitants with scant courtesy verging on barbarity; when the Prussians were driven out temporarily in the course of the fighting, the French retaliated by killing every prisoner, wounded or unwounded, who fell into their hands. A group of infuriated Frenchwomen, their hands and arms dripping with blood, were seen to brandish the knives, with which they were murdering the defenceless prisoners. On the French general in command hurrying up to stop these horrors and reproaching these unsexed furies, they retorted that as the Prussians had pillaged and violated them and killed their husbands, they were justified in killing in return: "Yes, general," cried one of these nameless women, "I have begun this butchery and I will finish it," as she plunged her knife into the heart of an unarmed Prussian soldier, one of many, moreover, who had never been in the place before, and was, therefore, innocent of his comrades' alleged misdeeds.

As far as I know, the Bonaparte family has only produced one member of poetic inclinations—Prince Lucien Bonaparte. He composed the following four lines on Shakespeare:—

"The eye of Genius glistens to admire
How Memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre:
One tear I'll shed to form a crystal shrine
Of all that's grand, imposing, and divine."

There is a curious story, the truth of which is vouched for, that four years after Napoleon's death, that is, in 1825, a French girl named Josephine was born with the words "Napoleon Empereur" distinctly visible in her eyes; according to the *Evening Standard* of the 16th August, 1828, she was exhibited at the Royal Bazaar in Oxford Street. I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to decide whether such a phenomenon at birth, with both parents former devoted and enthusiastic adherents of Napoleon, with the mother's mind fixed constantly upon his fate, could be a possibility or not, but the journal's statement bears the impress of truth.

Of historic interest is the extract from a letter sent by an English traveller in Vienna to a friend in England and dated "Vienna, 14th August, 1818," in reference to the life of the son of Napoleon, who had been proclaimed King of Rome, but was known at the time of his death from consumption at the age of twenty-one as the Duke of Reichstadt; he is also spoken of as "L'Aiglon." In works of reference he is described as "Napoleon II":—

"Jerome Bonaparte, Ex-King of Westphalia, left Vienna yesterday morning, for Lintz, whither he is going to meet his wife, the daughter-in-law of our Princess Royal. She is at Stutgard, on a visit to the Queen, and Queen Dowager, of Wirtemberg, and the King her brother. Jerome was on the promenade with his aide-de-camp for some time on Sunday evening. He has not half that intelligence in his countenance which was wont to light up the features of him who, at St. Helena, is at once the captive and the terror of all the magnanimous potentates of Europe. Young Napoleon is even, at his age, under severe discipline as to education. He has six different masters, besides one superintending tutor. The boy

is exceedingly sharp and acute. The other morning, when passing through the gallery of the palace (I had the anecdote from a gentleman present), he suddenly stopped to observe a soldier on duty, and at once, putting himself in an erect position, he said, 'I think that is the man who helped to put my father into prison.' It is thought that the boy is instructed to cherish the feelings of revenge—sworn like of him of Africa at the altar. The Emperor of Austria leads a life, the tenor of which is exemplary and uniform. He always rises early, and dines in his private cabinet, alone, every day at 12. An old woman has been his cook from his earliest years. At two he joins the Empress and the Imperial family at their dinner, but eats nothing. He is not in the least afraid of showing himself to his subjects; and it is delightful to see the cordiality that seems to subsist among the branches of this family. The Palace of Schoenbrunn, where young Napoleon resides, and where the mother likewise remains when in Austria, is truly magnificent. Its gardens are grand and extensive, and preserved in the best order. It was in this palace Bonaparte first saw the portrait of Maria Louisa, which he ordered to be taken down and sent to Paris."

It was a window in Schoenbrunn which was fractured by the bullet fired at Napoleon from a pistol aimed by a student, whilst the Emperor was reviewing the Imperial Guard; there is also to be seen the room which he made his headquarters during his stay. It was a curious whim which made the Duke of Reichstadt choose for his death-chamber in 1832 the room in which his father had slept; the post-mortem on this unfortunate young prince took place, by a strange coincidence, on the same table where the Emperor Napoleon had presided at his councils. Napoleon's son would endeavour to imitate his father's strenuousness, go out in all weathers and even keep guard on many a night, despite the warn-

ing of his physician, Dr. Malfati: "Remember, prince, that you have a heart of iron in a body of glass."

How different were these scenes, from one that had taken place in 1815 when, as Wellington relates on the night before he left Vienna to meet Napoleon's final effort, all the ladies at the evening party he was attending kissed him for good luck and declared their firm conviction that he would enter Paris a conqueror and end the Napoleonic nightmare! This story gives a true picture of the warm-hearted character of the Viennese, who dwell to-day in what is indubitably the loveliest capital in the world, the "City of Dreams" on the banks of the romantic Danube.

I may quote here a brief account of the love of dress and the general extravagance possessed by the only woman who may be said ever to have held the heart of Napoleon:—

The Empress Josephine had 600,000 francs for her personal expenses, but this sum was not sufficient, and her debts increased to an appalling degree. Notwitstanding the riches of her husband, she could never submit either to order or etiquette in her private life. She rose at 9 o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders, with unequalled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as care-

ful as that of the morning—then she appeared with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses in the various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures; he would fly into a passion and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose coloured satin."

There are two illuminating incidents in his life which serve as a guide to the mental attitude and ideas of Napoleon:—

The one relates to a visit, as told by Lady Shelley,* of Archbishop Vernon's son and Frederick Douglas to Napoleon at Elba, only a few months before his escape from that island, and his re-entry of France. Napoleon Bonaparte received them courteously and spoke with great freedom of the affairs of Europe. He said that England had humbled France sufficiently in imposing the Bourbon yoke upon her, without attempting to circumscribe her limits. He considered this would be impossible, because France is so fertile in resource ("avec une jeunesse brûlante pour la guerre"), that however it may be compressed, the slightest impulse would cause it to boil over. "But," he added, "that does not concern me."

This was at the beginning of 1815, yet already then he was making his plans for that "slightest impulse" which "would cause it (France) to boil over!"

*"Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley" (John Murray, 1912).

The second incident was the codicil in his will, in which he bequeathed ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer Cantillon, "who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena."

It would appear from Alberto Lumbroso's interesting Italian work, "Napoleone, La sua Corte, La Sua Famiglia" (Rome, 1911), that Napoleon's mother foresaw with marvellous intuition the events of 1815, and that she also disapproved of her son's Imperial ambitions is evident, since ten years before Waterloo Lucien wrote to his brother Joseph: "Our mother thinks that Napoleon did wrong in wanting to assume the crown of Louis XVI."

In an article by Dr. Alington, Headmaster of Eton, in the *Evening Standard* of July 26, 1929, there are quoted a few humorous lines from the English poet W. H. Praed (1802-1839), who enjoyed poking fun at the French; his verses on the battle of Waterloo are based on the then popular French belief that that engagement resulted in a victory for France:—

My uncle, Captain Flanigan,
  Who lost a leg in Spain,
Tells stories of a little man
  Who died at St. Helène.
But bless my heart, they can't be true;
  I'm sure they're all romance;
John Bull was beat at Waterloo!
  They'll swear to that in France.

## CHAPTER IV.

# WELLINGTON.

"He is twice a victor, who conquers himself in victory."

Publius Syrus (Latin author).

"Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

Wellington's Despatch, 1815.

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NEXT to Napoleon, the greatest military figure in Europe in 1815 was the Duke of Wellington, one of the few generals in history who never lost a battle. The stories that were put in circulation about him were innumerable and, let it be said, mostly to his credit, excepting those invented by his enemies, such as the contemptible Harriett Wilson.

But of good stories concerning this great and kindly man there is a still greater number. One of the most amusing is that one Sunday, whilst residing at Walmer Castle, he entered the Church, and seeing an empty pew, took his seat; presently a self-important looking elderly lady who, it appears, had rented this pew, on seeing it occupied by a stranger, ordered him out! Wellington obeyed, and having found another seat close at hand, observed to the pew opener, loud enough for the lady to hear:

"Tell that lady she has turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening." The feelings of this lady, of the "social climber" type, who would have knelt in the dust for a glance from his eyes, can be better imagined than described on hearing these words!

Another story refers to his razors. He would make the journey to London from Walmer Castle regularly, in order to have them sharpened by the same man; when a friend, staying just then with him, placed his own razors at the Duke's disposal, the latter replied:—

> "The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years; I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jermyn Street, and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself and brush my own clothes. I regret that I cannot clean my own boots—for man-servants bore me, and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell."

These words afford a clearer insight into the Duke's characteristics than a whole biographical volume! He was extremely modest in his dress, and his favourite attire when arriving at any place—this was especially so on his reaching Paris in 1815—was a dark blue military great-coat, plain hat and boots, with a total absence of display. Mention of boots reminds me of some words spoken by Hoby, the once famous bootmaker of St. James's Street. On hearing that Wellington had beaten the French army at Vittoria, he observed, "If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he never

would have had his great and constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties''—a mixture of piety and business that was characteristic of the man, who outside working hours was a successful Methodist preacher at Islington, where he lived.

An amusing incident is said by Lady Shelley to have happened before the battle of Salamanca, when Wellington, who was just carving a chicken in his tent, was informed that the enemy was advancing on the left. The Duke, still balancing the chicken on his fork, ran out of the tent with the words: ''Then we have them, by G——!''

Lady Shelley has made the curious statement that the Duke once declared that he would have gone to America to help pull things round if the war there had not ended before the spring. Happily, the necessity for a prolongation of this conflict did not arise.

When, after the battle of Waterloo, Wellington stated to a friend at his headquarters in Brussels, that he had won the greatest battle of modern times with twelve thousand of his old Peninsular troops, he was asked with astonishment: ''What, Sir, with twelve thousand only?'' ''Yes, with twelve thousand of my old Spanish infantry. I knew I could depend on them. They fought the battle, without flinching, against immense odds, but nearly all my staff, and some of my best friends, are killed. Good night! I want rest, and must go to bed.'' As there were some 67,000 British, Hanoverian, Dutch-Belgian and Nassau troops, with 156 guns in all under his command, without counting Blücher's 30,000 Prussians, out of a total of 51,944 men and

104 guns, who turned up in the nick of time, one must wonder what he meant to convey. Napoleon's army consisted of 71,947 men, with 246 guns; the Allies lost 14,426 men in all, the Prussians alone 6,682 men and Napoleon about 30,000 men killed, wounded and missing.

Wellington had good reason to be surprised at one period of the Battle of Waterloo. General Sir John Jones describes in his autobiography an excursion over the battlefield in the company of the Duke, who told him that, in the course of the action, "having ordered up the Nassau troops, they fell into confusion and gave way, and when he went personally to rally them and take them forward, they absolutely fired at him." Wellington held that the true story of the battle had never been told in print. Sir John Jones relates how he once sat in a carriage with the Duke, and "watched him read a ponderous quarto recital of the Battle of Waterloo. Against paragraph after paragraph he traced the letters 'L' or 'D.L.' with a great blunt-ended pencil. I ventured to ask what these mystic letters meant. The pithy reply was, " 'Lie' and 'Damned lie, to be sure.' "

Usually kind-hearted, Wellington was, nevertheless, a strict disciplinarian, when on duty, and would suffer no familiarity or indiscipline from his subordinate officers, even though they might consider themselves his superiors in wealth and family connections. An incident will illustrate this habit: One day he had sent for General Sir Thomas Picton, and been kept waiting—when he appeared at last, he advanced towards the Duke in the careless nonchalant manner he sometimes affected; the Duke

looked him over, then said cuttingly with a cold and formal bow: "I am glad you are come, Sir Thomas —the sooner you get on horseback the better—no time is to be lost. You will take command of the troops in advance. The Prince of Orange knows by this time that you will go to his assistance." Picton, knowing the uselessness of protests or excuses, proceeded at once to Quatre Bras.

Officers on active service are necessarily debarred from making unauthorized communications to the Press, and this rule was enforced by Wellington and Napoleon. When, therefore, articles began to appear in the London *Morning Chronicle*, criticising Wellington's conduct of the Peninsular campaign, an investigation followed, with the result that the culprit was discovered in the Adjutant-General, Sir Charles Stewart who, on the death of Lord Castlereagh, became Lord Londonderry. Summoning Stewart to his headquarters at Torres Vedras, the Duke addressed him thus:—

"Charles Stewart, I have ascertained with deep regret that you are the author of the letters which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle,* abusing me and finding fault with my military plans. Now, Stewart, you know that your brother Castlereagh is my best friend, to whom I owe everything; nevertheless, if you continue to write letters to the *Chronicle,* or any other newspaper, by God, I will send you home.' "

Stewart was much affected and promised to obey the regulations in future; nevertheless, Wellington had him removed from the Army and sent

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*This defunct journal had its first office at No. 143 Strand; it had Lord Campbell and Hazlitt as dramatic critics, Charles Dickens as parliamentary reporter, Sergeant Spankie as editor and the poet Campbell as a contributor.

as Ambassador to Vienna. The impression which Wellington's personality could make upon people may be gauged from Sir Walter Scott's admission to a friend that the Duke, in whom he saw a great soldier and a great statesman, was the only man in whose presence he had ever felt abashed.

From those who knew Wellington intimately, we gather that, on ceremonial occasions, his manner could be very formal; he always had a presence, but was rather shy with strangers and disinclined for conversation. He cared nothing for the opinions of even the most highly-placed, and there was nothing of the snob about him—in short, he was a very lovable personality—even to his valet he was a hero, and there can be no better testimony! It is said that when the news of the victory of Waterloo arrived in London, the first public anxiety was for Wellington's safety—nothing else seemed to matter just then. It is even possible that a defeat would have shocked the British public less than the death of the Iron Duke.

Wellington was remarkable for his keen insight into character, the hall-mark of the born leader. At the great review in Paris, in which 12,000 Prussians of the Guards were included, of whom the Duke declared that "they were the finest he had ever seen," he heard the troops cheer to command—he turned to Lady Shelley, who was riding beside him, with the words:—

"I hate that cheering. If once you allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may, on some other occasion, hiss instead of cheer. However, I cannot always help my fellows giving me a hurrah! As I rode along the line, after the last

battle, they gave me a cheer—but the cheering then was spontaneous, this is, evidently, by word of command!"

These wise words furnish food for thought, and might be applied to other times than 1815.

The fairmindedness of Wellington is made to appear from the fact that though he would give the Prussians the fullest credit for their outstanding military qualities, he would know how to deal very effectively with any act of theirs which offended his sense of the fitness of things. When he found that the Prussian engineers had made every preparation for blowing up the bridge of Jena in Paris, he sent a British battalion along which sent the would-be Vandals packing, before they could cause any mischief; he told Blücher who, in his rage, was using language quite unfit for publication at finding himself baulked of his revenge, that if a single Parisian monument were damaged or destroyed, he would withdraw the British Army and wash his hands of the Allies . . . not a stone was touched!

But there are two other versions of this intended outrage, the first, that one of Napoleon's old generals went to King Louis and gave warning, when His Majesty is said to have exclaimed: "What Vandalism! I will place myself on the bridge and be blown up with it, rather than so fine a monument should be destroyed!" British troops were sent to the bridge, who gave the Prussians five minutes to remove their tools and gunpowder, with the English loaded flintlocks covering them!

Lady Shelley, however, who was in Paris at the time, declares that Wellington placed a stolid English trooper on the centre of the bridge who, when

the Prussians tried to drive him off, told them: "You may blow up the bridge if you like, but I don't stir from here," whereupon the would-be destroyers desisted from their design.

Whichever version may be correct, the fact remains that this beautiful bridge over the Seine was saved for posterity. That Blücher would have wreaked vengeance on Paris, had he been permitted, there is little doubt, when one remembers that only in the previous year—1814—when on his visit to London, he had exclaimed, on surveying the Metropolis from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral: "What a place to plunder!" Substitute Paris for London, and one can imagine what, but for Wellington, would have happened! It has also been stated that the Czar Alexander of Russia had wished to turn his Cossacks upon the defenceless city, but was only restrained, through fear of Wellington, from ordering his troops to sack Paris!

How friend and foe alike underestimated the Duke's character, may be judged from the vigour with which he opposed the proposal of the Royalists, led by that habitual renegade, Talleyrand, and the ex-police spy Fouché—another turn-coat—who, after plotting with General Pichegru and the Vendéeans against Napoleon, when still First Consul, betrayed the plot to Bonaparte, in return for his favour—to arrest and shoot the fallen Emperor; these men even went so far as to suggest to Wellington, who controlled the primitive "Semaphore" telegraph then in use, to order the execution of the great Corsican—Wellington is said to have demanded whether they took him for a common assassin and

to have used language on that occasion which even Blücher might have envied!

There is a characteristic story of Fouché, Napoleon's once so powerful Minister of Police. The point of Raynouard's remark, "Sentence on a king is nothing but murder," lies in the fact that Fouché was one of those concerned in the execution of Louis XVI:—

"The well-known poet Raynouard once read his tragedy of Charles I to a large company, in which Fouché was present. All eyes were fixed on him, yet his features remained unchanged. The reading began; still he remained unmoved, though at many allusions, the scrutinizing eyes of the hearers were turned upon him. When at last the minister of Charles I defending his master, exclaims, *'Le jugement d'un Roi n'est qu'un assassinat,'* the company were going to express their appreciation aloud, but they were prevented by the presence of the minister. This did not escape him, and seemed to embarrass him for a moment. When the reading was finished, every one went away except Fouché. After some general remarks on the plan and the characters of the piece, he added, 'in respect to that verse, I utterly despise it.' Raynouard did not answer, but Fouché walked up and down with long strides, and said, after a pause, 'the political part of your tragedy is very weak; you stand upon the tower of Notre Dame instead of penetrating into the interior. In politics everything has a different point of view. Circumstances —you do not know the effect of circumstances.'—Raynouard interrupted him by repeating the verse, *'Le jugement d'un Roi, n'est qu'un assassinat,"* and Fouché left the room."

Failing to prevail with Wellington in their designs on Napoleon, they executed the brave Marshal Ney; not satisfied with this outrage, they went so far,

on a universal outcry being raised, as to throw the blame for this atrocity on Wellington, the one man who had, on the contrary, interceded with Louis XVIII. for Ney, but in vain, since the King was a mere figure-head and entirely in the hands of the enemies of the great Marshal; their vindictiveness against a fallen opponent knew no bounds . . . thus died one of the bravest and most chivalrous men the world has ever known!

The following anecdote illustrates the difference of mentality between the two nationalities of the period:—

An Englishman of high military rank was one evening seated next to a French officer at dinner, when the latter observed, among the Englishman's decorations, the modest Waterloo medal, and remarked with an attempt at sarcasm, that such a decoration, which could not have cost more than five francs to make, seemed a poor reward for his services. "True," replied the Briton, "it has cost our country only five francs, but it cost yours a Napoleon"—(a Napoleon d'Or represented twenty francs; the reply was a clever play upon words).

## CHAPTER V.

# ART AND LETTERS.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."
—Longfellow.

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"In books lies the soul of the whole past time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream."
—Carlyle, "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

WAR and its Aftermath have the invariable result of distracting men's minds from the humanities, from the things that endure and really matter in the development and progress of the human race; the year 1815 and its immediate successors proved no exception to this age-old rule. During the struggle with Napoleon and the war with America, England must needs find relief in other forms of entertainment and instruction than in high-class art and literature, of which forms of amusement gambling to excess constituted no small part. That, despite these distractions and anxieties, and in an age, too, when the art of reading and writing was confined to a mere fraction of the population, so much attention could still be rivetted upon such literary figures of the time as Byron, Southey, Shelley, Scott, "Monk" Lewis and others, was a striking tribute to their outstanding genius.

Head and shoulders above all, though there be some who would place Shelley on a higher plane, stood Byron, of whom many anecdotes, not always repeatable in cold print, would be told in club and lady's boudoir.

An amusing story which illustrates the extreme, not to say feminine, vanity of Byron is that one morning his then crony, Scrope Davies, surprised him in bed, with his hair in curl papers, so that the visitor exclaimed: "Ha, ha! my dear Byron, I have at last caught you in the part of the Sleeping Beauty." Byron was furiously annoyed: "No, Scrope, the part of a damned fool, you should have said." "Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally." "Yes, naturally every night, but do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

A point, on which Byron was extraordinarily sensitive, was his clubfoot—on one occasion he made a long journey to London, and travelling at that time was not the comfortable task it became later, in the vain hope that a surgeon whose name had been given to him, might bring the desired relief. A mere accidental glance in the direction of his deformed foot, would be sufficient to arouse his suspicions of the onlooker; one day, on meeting a friend at Genoa, the poet exclaimed suddenly with anger: "Now, I know you are looking at my foot," to which he received the soothing reply: "My dear Byron, nobody thinks of or looks at anything but your head!"

From the opinions of some of his contemporaries,

who had had excellent opportunities of personal intercourse and of a close study of his character, Byron's amiability and genius were to some extent marred by his vanity, his suspicions, his overbearing and jealous disposition—to hear the literary work of another praised in his presence, was for him a positive torture; he seemed to labour under the delusion that he was the most important being in the world, and that those people who did not admire and praise him and his poetry unceasingly were persons of no account! To hear any other person than "Byron" discussed in company, to picture any other hero than "Byron," either in his work or in the flesh, would bore him to extinction. His friends, whilst willing to concede his overwhelming genius, found this continual hero-worship somewhat trying to their patience, which tends to show that it is only possible to overlook the weaknesses of great men and to judge them fairly when they and their contemporaries have long "answered the last call."

Byron, like the Regent and lesser mortals, loved Brighton; the fact that both men, although so widely apart in status and special talents, had many tastes in common, may have been the reason why the poet took up his abode in a house facing the Pavilion, where he could find congenial company.

There is a story extant, which shows most glaringly the kind of reputation which he and his associates enjoyed in the public eye, namely, that whenever he would go boating in the sea with a young lad, it was at once whispered that the "boy" was a "girl disguised," a suspicion which some lines in his "Lara" which he wrote in "Albany," Picca-

dilly, by the way, tended to confirm.

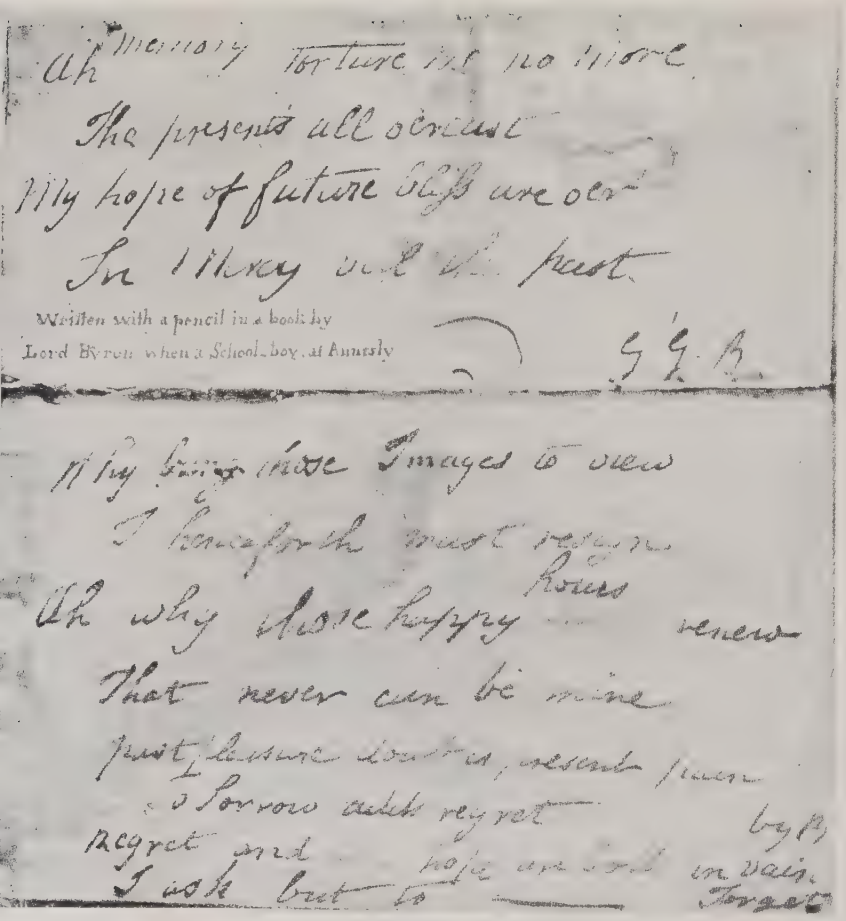
Few may know that the poem "Beppo, a Venetian Story"' was, as stated in the "Lady's Magazine" for April, 1818, first "ushered into the world without a name; though rumour has assigned it, and we have every reason to believe it true, to no less a personage than Lord Byron. We are glad that he has changed those gloomy propensities which he indulged himself in and returned to something more rational. In the present piece he has shown himself a man of whim and humour, if not of wit. . . Such is the sprightly style of this jocose performance, which has afforded us a welcome hour of relaxation. He has sent forth this ludicrous effusion not only with a reference to the present age for 'a Grecian Syrian, or Assyrian Tale,' but as a hit at some of his contemporaries, who have continued to weave their opinions of men and things into a texture as slight as this, regardless alike whether the materials or colours have any assimilation." Such were the views of a reviewer of 1818—what would, I wonder, a reviewer of our day have said?

The following verses were found written in a volume of his poems presented to a young lady in 1818:—

"O! Byron—thy heart-rending verse
Flows like the waters, free,
That to Eliza now repeat
She loves thy minstrelsy.

And if the lyre, and the heart,
In tuneful notes combine,
Go to her heart, and strike that string,
That she hath struck on mine.

G.B."




A LOVE SONNET BY LORD BYRON WHEN A SCHOOL BOY,

Yet, England's greatest poet though he was, the scandalmonger succeeded at last in driving him from his native land to find some years later redemption of his life at Missolunghi; to this day Byron is a name to conjure with in Greece. After her separation from Byron, Lady Byron made her home at "Fordhook," Ealing Common; in the drawing-room of that house Byron's daughter, Ada, was married to the Earl of Lovelace. Little did Byron reck, when he left "Albany," Piccadilly, to marry Miss Milbanke, that he had sealed his fate and ruined his life by a fatally uncongenial matrimonial alliance.

How little of truth there may have been in the terrible scandal of Byron and his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, may be gathered from the words written by Lady Shelley in her "Diary"; she knew all the members of the Byron family, including Lady Byron herself:—

> "The preposterous accusation which has lately been brought against Mrs. Leigh seems, to me, who knew her well, as the height of absurdity. She was what I should call a religious woman; and her feeling for Byron was that of an elder sister towards a wayward child."

His contemporaries would seem to have been fascinated by his eyes: Lady Blessington (1789-1849) declared that they were "gray and full of expression," whilst one of his biographers, whose name I forget, speaks of his "beautiful, changeful gray eyes."

The original manuscripts of two missing poems by Byron, first published in obscure foreign editions, but alluded to in the preface to the third volume of

the completed edition of his works, have been pronounced as genuine by Mr. John Murray; they were sold by Messrs. Sotheran & Co., of Piccadilly, to a collector; the one is reproduced herewith in facsimile, as illustrated; the second poem, addressed to the then Miss Chaworth, with her observations, is as follows:—

"Not ten thousand Lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my heart dwell
While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend;
May she ne'er know Adversity's Frown;
May her happiness ne'er have an end.

Once more my sweet girl, Adieu;
Farewell I with anguish repeat,
Forever I'll think upon you
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

The lines I gave to you as specimens of Lord Byron's writ'ng were given to me before I was married. Those beginning "O Memory torture me no more" were written with a pencil in one of my Books either before Lord B. went to Harrow or during the time he was there, the others, "addressed to my dear Mary Ann", were written abt. a year or less before my marriage, and when he left Annesley.

Yrs. affecy.

Mary Ann Musters"

The whole question of these poems was discussed by Mr. Buxton Forman in a number of *The Athenaeum* of which the first number was published at No. 147 Strand, on January 2, 1828, which house also saw the birth of *The Sphinx*. Another im-

portant journal of the time was the *Literary Gazette*, first published at Exeter Change, Strand, on January 25, 1817.

The second greatest literary figure of the age was Shelley, around whom as many controversies have circled and as many legends grown up as around Byron—few men have been assailed so violently in their time. It is tragic to consider how much really great work he might have accomplished had an untimely death not overtaken him. When at Eton, he showed himself to be studious, meditative, a great reader, with a strong distaste for games which he regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a waste of precious time.

He is described as having possessed fine, brilliant eyes, beautiful hair, and a voice of a shrill, penetrating quality. His fondness for mechanics once nearly cost him his life, when he one day constructed for himself a kind of steam-engine, which blew up on being put to the test, fortunately without hurting anybody.

He used to puzzle his friends by his sudden disappearances, when, of course, a "woman in the case" was always suspected, as, for instance, when in 1810, he made a sudden trip to an unknown destination, later found to have been an out of the way place in Wales.

When, some years later, he was seen eating bread and fruit on the sea-shore near Genoa, he would, in the intervals of taking mouthfuls of food, talk enthusiastically of "the loveliest girl he had ever seen, whom he had loved to distraction," with the evanescent fervour of the dreamer and poet.

How he died in the Gulf of Spezzia at the early age of 29, together with Capt. Williams, in a boat he had built himself and which capsized in a sudden storm, how his body was reduced to cinders on the sea-shore in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, Capt. Shenley and Trelawny, and the ashes deposited in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, are matters of history, but few know that the old Italian law enforced the cremation on the spot of all bodies washed up from the sea in order to prevent the spread of plague. The protests of his friends at this summary proceeding were treated with scant consideration.

In one of the books found on the drowned body of the poet was a little scrap of paper, containing, in Shelley's handwriting, the supposedly last verses he ever wrote, "Lines to an Indian Air." They first appeared in a collection of his complete works published by Moxon in 1845:—

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale,
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
O! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last."

There is a little town on the river Thames called Marlow which, besides its many attractions, has earned undying renown through having had the poet Shelley as a resident in West Street in 1817; a tablet placed on the house records this fact, and also commemorates a visit paid to Shelley by Byron:—

"This Tablet was placed A.D. 1867
at the instance of
Sir William Robert Clayton, Bart.,
To perpetuate the record that
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Lived and wrote in this house, and was here visited by
Lord Byron.

. . . . . He is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh! dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.
*Adonais.*"

It was at Marlow that he wrote the "Revolt of Islam," and Mrs. Shelley has told us that "the poem was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighbouring country, which is distinguished for beauty."

The name of Leigh Hunt, who at one time lived at 10 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and was the

original of Charles Dickens's "Mr Skimpole," recalls one of the most scathing attacks ever made upon an author; it appeared in the *Evening Standard* of January 22, 1828:—

"A letter has been received from Mr. Leigh Hunt on the subject of his "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries". A more pitiful production we never remember reading. The miserable conceit and egregious folly which breathe through every paragraph are forgotten in a feeling of contemptuous compassion for degradation so voluntary and so unconcealed. Of such books as this, published by Mr. Hunt, there can be but one opinion—they are inherently mean. A prurient itch for degrading gossip is one of the most disgraceful marks of our current literature: and the only good that we can foresee from the disgusting flood of confessions and other eaves-dropping compositions is that our gentlemen may be rendered cautious as to whom they associate with."

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) poet, politician and essayist who, with his brother John, founded the *Examiner* in 1808, was later joined by William Hazlitt (1778-1830), who wrote for it a number of essays which were reprinted in 1817 under the title of "The Round Table." For libelling the Prince Regent in 1812 by calling him "The Prince of Whales" and "a fat Adonis of 50," the Hunts were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol and the payment of a fine of £500.

Then there was Robert Southey (1774-1843), with whose poetic life the name of the famous publisher Longman is intimately connected. It was after the owner of a small cottage in Wales had

refused to let it to him, lest, being a poet, he might not be able to pay the rent of £25 a year, that he took up his residence in the delightful Lake District of Cumberland.

John Keats (1795-1821) the doctor's apprentice of Edmonton—what great memories his name evokes! It was the reading of Spenser's "Fairy Queen" which gave the inspiration for his immortal "Endymion," whilst breathing the pure air of Hampstead Heath and penning the lines:—

> "And birds from coverts innermost and drear,
> Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
> To me new-born delights."

He published his first book of poems whilst residing at Hampstead in 1817, composing his immortal lines when taking his favourite walk from the Vale of Health towards Highgate, through Millfield Lane, the soil of which has also been trodden by Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and many other celebrated people. Mr. Ollier, whom he met at Hampstead, published Keats's first volume of poems, and it was Leigh Hunt who discerned his great genius. He died at the early age of twenty-five, after bequeathing to the English-speaking peoples a number of poems which in richness of imagination and beauty of thought are not excelled by anything in the language.

I cannot refrain from quoting a few delightful lines on Keats and his house at Hampstead from the pen of Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries in the *Daily Mail* of June 21, 1929:—

"Just after you come to Hampstead Heath station there is a pleasant road where the houses mostly stand

behind gardens and amid many blossoming trees, allowing it to retain something of the air of a country lane. Omnibusses will carry you within a few yards of it. Then, if you turn up the road and enter a house which comes almost at once upon the left hand and may be visited for nothing between the hours of 10 and 6 upon the Mondays and Wednesdays and Saturdays of the week, you will presently see whether your thoughts will not carry you further than any omnibus has ever carried either you or anyone else.

For the road is called Keats Grove and the house, which is one of the plain, peaceful dwellings built by the unpretentious generation which won Waterloo, was the home of the poet Keats for a year and a half.

Even in his brief life, in which each year meant so much, this year and a half were supreme. During them he was affianced to Fanny Brawne, wrote the "Ode to the Nightingale", and suffered an outbreak of consumption which was to prove fatal. During them he loved most and sang best and in prospect sang no more."

It was not until three years after the death of Keats that Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), though born in the same year, began serious literary work.

Mention of the poet and essayist Charles Lamb (1775-1834), recalls an anecdote referring to his unfortunate farce, "Mr. H.", which had one of the shortest theatrical titles on record, and it could not possibly have had a shorter theatrical life, since it was performed only once. Lamb, the author, "hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours." Writing to Wordsworth the next day, he observed, "A hundred hisses—(damn the word, I write it like kisses—how different)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, 'tis withdrawn,

and there is an end." But it is to be noted that he did not abuse his audience, as a modern playwright would have done, for Lamb was a sound and sane critic of his own work.

An outstanding literary figure who became the victim of merciless persecution at the hands of a Society swathed in the moral hypocrisy led by the Prince Regent was "Monk" or Matt Lewis (1773-1818), author of the "Monk," "Alonzo the Brave," "Tales of Wonder" and other writings which, whilst shocking the public by their indelicacy or gruesomeness, made him famous. His literary fame and position were fully assured, nevertheless, when he became closely associated with Sir Walter Scott—as a Member of Parliament he was a power in the land, and this position he would have continued to maintain, had the fourth and last dialogue of Matthias's "Pursuits of Literature" not appeared, when the floodgates of jealousy and hatred, disguised in the form of moral indignation, were opened with full force. When Mr. Matthias made his critical onslaught upon him, Society with a capital "S" banged, locked and barred its doors against him, and he became a social pariah for many of the most prominent leaders of Society, who condemned his work as quite unfit for circulation.

Yet there were other men of social eminence who praised his work for its charm and classic style. But his enemies outnumbered his friends who would endeavour, weakly, it must be confessed, to defend him on the grounds of his youth, only to find themselves denounced as "upholders of rank and obscene blasphemy." Many of his sup-

porters, thereupon, began to desert the sinking ship —Lewis found himself cold-shouldered at dances, and ladies refused him as a partner; matrons, whose moral record might not have stood the test of a close scrutiny, would forbid their daughters to recognize the outcast in any way. From idolatry he fell into social ostracism, and even his own father, who should have known his son better, joined in the clamour against him, and expressed the opinion that "Matt had entered upon the path that leads to eternal perdition in this world and the next!"

Disgusted at the injustice of this persecution and indignant at sight of the shameless hypocrisy of many who had at one time not disdained to partake of his lavish hospitality or to obtain from him "loans" which they were never expected to repay, he sailed from England for Jamaica, where he possessed an estate and many slaves whom he had always treated with what, in those days, was regarded as exceptional kindness.* Falling a victim to "Yellow Jack," he never saw his native land again, being buried at sea on his way home in 1818.

Not content with having helped to drive Lewis from his hearth and home, and sullying his memory, Matthias went to the length of prevailing upon editors and publishers to omit such passages from his

*The "Pursuits of Literature" continued to appear, though somewhat "revised," in various editions, the sixteenth and last in 1812; they were at first published anonymously. Lewis had made his first journey to Jamaica in November, 1815, returning from there in August, 1816, when he visited Venice, where he met Byron, Trelawny and other noted men. He sailed again for Jamaica about December, 1817, and left for England on May 4, 1818, dying at sea ten days later.

works as were, in his opinion, liable to corrupt the morals of Society, as if such a task had been possible! The Regency period was a glorious time in many ways, but its morals, with some notable exceptions, were past praying for! The later Victorian era, with its restrictive conventional Code, smugly self-satisfied if it succeeded in thrusting ugly facts out of sight or driving them under ground, was the natural reaction from the too open license under the reigns of its immediate predecessors.

When Samuel Rogers (1763-1855) the banker-poet, who was buried at Hornsey, was not engaged in making money, he would write poetry, which he would have some difficulty in composing; his slowness would irritate the more nimble-witted Sydney Smith (1771-1845) who one day observed: "If Rogers was writing a dozen verses, the street was strewn with straw, the knocker tied up, and the answer to the tender enquiries of his anxious friends was, that Mr. Rogers was as well as could be expected!"

His unusual corpse-like appearance, combined with a sepulchral voice, if a spectre could be expected to speak, and a remarkable fastidiousness in dress, earned for him the nickname of the "Dug-up Dandy." If he disliked a person, he would use such a venomous form of speech that the victim of his animosity would never forget or forgive it, but where his inclinations lay, he could be kind and gentle enough.

Once Ward, the later Lord Dudley, on hearing Rogers excuse his late arrival at a dinner-party because "his carriage had lost a wheel, and he had

been obliged to come in a hackney-carriage," retorted: "Oh, in a hearse, you mean." This remark Rogers never forgot or forgave.

When, one evening at a party given by Lady Jersey, he was compelled to listen to the extravagant praises bestowed upon a young German Duke, his looks, his talents and his income, Rogers exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear, including His Highness, who had just entered the room: "Thank God, he has got bad teeth!"

His one loyal friend was Madame d'Arblay (1752-1840) whom he would visit at No. 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, after she became a widow; she was the famous daughter of Charles Burney (1726-1814), who wrote a History of Music. His frequent visits to Paris, which only a very wealthy man could afford, would lead to all kinds of surmises as to the particular attraction he could find there in preference to London—they were, however, merely business journeys in his capacity as a banker.

Henry Luttrell, the author of "Letters to Julia," who lived at one time in "Albany," Piccadilly, was a man of outstanding intellect, but given to violent outbursts of temper, which would even lead him to forget his manners in the presence of ladies. One day Lady Holland, in the kindness of her heart, thinking to cheer him up, took him for a drive. The roads were rough and muddy, and the carriage had to slow down; on arriving at its destination, Luttrell exclaimed in an exasperated voice: "Heavens, the very funerals passed us!"

Many men have puzzled over the problem how Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a very busy man at

other work as well as novel-writing, could have produced all those great works in the time at his disposal. The riddle is solved when we consider that he wrote very rapidly and with marvellous facility, especially if the subject appealed to him in particular. Writing was his relaxation from the work in the Law Courts. Much of his work was published anonymously, and there was some speculation in literary circles as to the identity of the author. He wrote "Guy Mannering," regarded by many as the best of his novels, during a Christmas vacation, in order, as he is said to have declared, to "refresh the machine when tired of the routine of the Law Courts." He was very methodical in the allotment of his time, his favourite maxim being "never to be doing nothing." He was a good example of the old saying that "the busiest man has always the most time," thanks to his methodical habits. As long as his health lasted, he would succeed in, as he used to declare, "breaking the neck of the day's work" by breakfast time. To him applied the phrase that "he was making himself all the time," so that he knew how to combine quality with quantity. Once a friend remarked to him: "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," answered Scott, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking thoughts—and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off prettily easily." *It commonly runs off pretty easily;* that it certainly did. Some of his manuscripts were marvels to contem-

plate—not the handwriting in particular, which was very much like other manuscripts by noted authors, of which one has heard; the wonder of these sheets lay in the fact that they bore hardly any erasures or alterations, and, as a critic of the work declared, for "page after page the writing runs on exactly as you read it in print."

One of his peculiar dislikes was for gray eyes—his own were blue.

Few people may know that Isaac d'Israeli (1766-1848), the father of the later Earl of Beaconsfield, and author of "Curiosities of Literature," held a lease for twenty-one years for No. 7 Church Street, Stoke Newington, London, to date from June 24, 1815 to June 24, 1836, at a rental of £65 a year. This record appears in the parliamentary returns of that parish, as it then was. This would seem to be a confirmation of the oft-made assertion that Beaconsfield must, at one time, have resided in that house with his father. At the date of the granting of the lease the boy was eleven years of age.

Tom Hood, destined in later years—he was only sixteen in 1815—to become one of England's most notable poets and writers, and who, with his pathetic "Song of the Shirt," which he contributed to *Punch*, has, perhaps, done as much as Charles Dickens (1812-1870) to awaken the conscience of the British nation to the terrible conditions under which, at one time, men and women had to work for their daily bread, made one of the best puns in the language out of his own name, when he said: "In order to make a livelihood, I have to be a lively Hood," an allusion

to the many witty and humorous pieces which he composed.

It may be of interest to learn that the twenty-sixth verse in Tom Hood's poem, "The Two Peacocks of Bedfont," refers to the two yew-trees,which stand outside Bedfont Church, Middlesex. I am informed by the Vicar, the Rev. George J. M. Kingston, that these trees were cut in the shape of peacocks prior to Tom Hood in 1704; the ancestors of the late Mr. Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador during the Great War to the Court of St. James, lived at Bedfont—the last one was buried there in the seventeenth century, when the family emigrated to America.

It would take me too far to give a list of all the notable literary people who adorned the world during the period under review, but I cannot omit among men Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), the poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the poet, associated with another of our greatest poets, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834). Another of Wordsworth's friends was Thomas de Quincey, whose "Confessions of an Opium Eater" became a classic; Tom Moore (1779-1852), Ireland's greatest poet and Byron's famous biographer, who wrote "Oft in the Stilly Night," after his family had undergone almost every possible misfortune—one of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed; Theodore Edward Hook (1788-1841), the English humorist, whose simple grave in the churchyard of Fulham Parish Church is indicated by a very ordinary headstone; Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), a great master

of English prose, whose impulsive disposition led to his expulsion from Rugby and Oxford. In 1808 he raised a band of volunteers to oppose Napoleon in Spain. He married unwisely, and passed his last years in Florence; his "Imaginary Conversations" contains much noble prose; Henry Hallam (1779-1859), the eminent English historian.

Among women we find some outstanding figures in the world of Letters, such as Jane Austen, who died in 1817, and was regarded as the ablest English novelist of her time; her first novels, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Mansfield Park," were published anonymously; "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" appeared after her death, with her name on the title-page for the first time. It is a tribute to the enduring quality of her work, that her novels still have a large public to the present day. Another eminent literary woman of the period was Lady Charlotte Susan Maria Bury (1775-1861). She was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the fifth Duke of Argyll and the author of sixteen novels; an anonymous "Diary," illustrative of the time of George IV., was always believed to have been from her pen. The Campbells of Argyll (or Argyle), to which family she belonged, date back to the year 1190. Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), a novelist who, in order to remain the lifelong comrade of her father, refrained from marriage; she was a great friend of Walter Scott and, in her time, much lionized in London and Paris; Hannah More (1745-1833)—she secured the notice of Garrick and of Samuel Johnson for her early writings and in 1773 came to London, where

she at first wrote dramas, but later turned to those religious and moral writings, by which she is best known; Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1792-1838), a poet known under her initials "L.E.L." She died at Cape Coast Castle, where her husband was the Governor, from a dose of Prussic Acid, but whether by accident or design has never been fully proved. Lastly, there is Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835), whose poems and songs include "The Better Land" and "The Treasures of the Deep."

If Literature during this great period in the world's history could take high rank despite many hindrances, the same may be said of Art, which produced such outstanding figures as Sir David Wilkie (1785-1841), who scored his first great success in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1806 with his "Village Politicians." There followed a number of homely pictures, of which the "Card Players" and the "Chelsea Pensioners" are specially notable. He died at sea on his return from a journey to Palestine and the East; Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy (1793-1865); William Etty, R.A. (1787-1849), a great colourist, whose landscapes and drapery always harmonize so admirably with his figures; it was in 1824 that he moved into No. 14 Buckingham street, Strand, where Samuel Pepys, the diarist, came to live in 1684. John Constable, R.A. (1776-1837), who first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1802, but, owing to his departure from the conventional form of landscape painting to what he "saw," gained little support; not until he was about forty years of age, did public recognition come to him—

among his best pictures are "The Valley Farm," "The Haywain," "The Cornfield" and "Salisbury Cathedral;" J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851), was born in London as the son of a hairdresser; after studying for a time under Sir Joshua Reynolds, he became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1802, after which he began those Continental wanderings which provided him with so much material and broadened his outlook; the most popular recognition of his great work came to him later through Ruskin's unstinted praise. His pictures and sketches in the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery alone bear witness to his outstanding genius. He died at the cottage numbered 118 in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, marked by a tablet, to which he would retire for rest and quiet from 46 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, where he lived in 1846; Benjamin West, R.A., President of the Royal Academy for twenty-eight years, was born at Springfield, Pennsylvania, in 1738; his parents being very poor, he had received practically no education or training until, in 1760, some generous friends sent him to study in Italy. Coming to London on the completion of his studies, he soon gained a great reputation with his "Death of General Wolfe," "Christ Healing the Sick," and other great paintings. William Mulready, R.A. (1786-1864), was a great Irish painter, who was unequalled in depicting such homely, everyday life scenes as "Horses Baiting" and "The Barber's Shop."

The age was rich in caricaturists of eminence, since we have George Cruikshank (1792-1878) who, until he was twenty-one, devoted himself to

political cartoons. Later, he became one of the greatest etchers of all time; his illustrations to Dickens's "Oliver Twist," and to several of Ainsworth's novels have earned him immortality. His publishers made fortunes from his work, but treated him with such scant generosity, that he was obliged, in 1866, to accept a pension or allowance of £50 a year from the Royal Academy's Turner Annuities. George Cattermole (1800-1868), betrayed already in his earliest years great talent for drawing, and after being a pupil to Britton the architect, became an illustrator of Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels; lastly, there was James Gillray (1757-1815), who produced over one thousand political cartoons, some of which gained him much popularity and esteem.

Among sculptors of the period J. Nollekens, R.A. (1737-1823), took high place—he had the unusual distinction for an artist of the time of amassing a fortune of £200,000 by the exercise of his art! John Flaxman, R.A. (1755-1826), began his career as a designer for Wedgwood—not until 1782 did he take up statuary and monumental sculpture, becoming at once the greatest of English classical sculptors; I have seen some of his best work in Chichester Cathedral. He is buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London. Sir Richard Westmacott (1775-1856), was a pupil of Canova, and designed many monuments, including the "Achilles" statue in Hyde Park.

I must not forget a famous engraver of the time, Alfred Mills, who was born in London in 1776; he was only twenty-one years of age when he exhibited

three figure drawings at the Royal Academy of Arts in 1807, entitled "The Sower," "The Reaper" and "The Mower." He was an artist of high intellectual powers and great productive capacity. He died in 1833. His most famous contemporary wood engraver was Thomas Bewick (1753-1828), whose works were remarkable for breadth of treatment and fidelity to nature.

An unfortunate genius was Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), an ambitious historical painter, whose struggles to obtain popular recognition for his paintings caused him to take his life in a fit of despair. He was a great friend of "Pope" Davis, an artist, who was a prominent member of the famous literary club, "The Eccentrics," which in 1815, was lodged in May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, bearing the date 1739.

The French School of the period did not lag behind its English rival, since it produced such glorious examples of the artist as Horace Vernet (1789-1863), whose paintings are a constant delight; Ferdinand Delacroix (1799-1863) who, it is said, subordinated faithfulness to nature to the power of imagination and oftentimes sacrificed accuracy of drawing to brilliancy of effect; Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), whose famous painting "Rape of the Sabine Women" is in the Louvre; his fame rests, perhaps, quite as much on his ardent support of Robespierre and the French Revolution as upon his art—he died as an exile in Brussels in 1825; Paul Delaroche (1797-1856), a historical painter of the "Eclectic School," which combines the brilliant colouring of the Romantic with the

correctness of the Classic School. His mural decorations of the Paris School of Fine Arts, and his picture of Cromwell contemplating the dead Charles I are considered his best works; lastly, we have Jean Baptiste Corot (1796-1875), regarded as the greatest landscape painter of his time.

I will conclude this chapter with some humorous anecdotes which date back to the Yorkshire of 1815: A picture dealer in Doncaster held an exhibition at the Townhall there and announced in his catalogue: "A View in *Italy*, by A. Caracci, with a figure of John the Baptist, baptizing in the River *Jordan*." This town, for some unknown reason, came into the limelight at this time and seems to have had some original characters among its population. When a shopkeeper, who bore the nickname of "the Little Rascal," was asked the reason, he replied: "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade, who are all great rascals at selling books and pictures." A publican in the same town complained to another that he had taken away his character by his lies: "How so? I never mentioned your name in my life!" "No matter for that," replied Boniface, "before *you* came here, *I* was reckoned the greatest liar in the place."

## CHAPTER VI.

# MUSIC, DRAMA AND SPORT.

"Music is the real universal speech."
—C. J. Weber.

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"The theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment."
—Sheridan, "The Critic," Act 1, I.

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"'Orses and dogs is some men's fancy. They're wittles and drink to me."
—Dickens, "David Copperfield," Ch. 19.

THE singer who held the opera-going public of 1815 entranced with her beautiful art was Signora Catalani. It may be noted as a sign of the times and of the kind of reputation which stage-folk enjoyed in those days, that her biographers are very careful to emphasize the fact, as if it were unusual, that she was "a model wife and mother," in its implication almost as offensive as the phrase sometimes met with in regard to men who have become famous: "He was of poor but honest parents." Artiste to her finger-tips though Catalani was, she also possessed a keen business instinct, an uncommon combination, and would refuse to be classed as a "guest" at parties and then be expected to pay for her dinner by singing

to the guests without fee. A wealthy nobleman, who was known to resort to this kind of trick to secure the free services of artistes, one day invited Catalani and husband, Monsieur de Valabrèque, himself a good pianist, as "guests" to a country-house gathering. After dinner the Diva was asked to sing—she was encored seventeen times during their stay and gave seventeen songs from her extensive repertoire. On the morning of their departure, Valabrèque placed the following note in his host's hand: "For seventeen songs, seventeen hundred pounds." The nobleman, although taken somewhat aback, remembered *noblesse oblige* in time, and paid without the flicker of an eye-lid!

Valabrèque understood most certainly how to defend his wife's interests and reputation. When a certain Continental nobleman disparaged her, her husband challenged him and sliced off his nose!

During the Regency the old "King's Theatre" and later "Her Majesty's Theatre," on the site of which are now the new "His Majesty's Theatre" and the Carlton Hotel in the Haymarket, was used for the presentation of Italian Opera. The system of admission seems to have been as complicated as at Almack's:* Tickets for a box or a pit seat—the

*According to Mr. Wheatley, the great authority on London, this theatre was known at different times as the "Queen's Theatre," the "King's Theatre," and "Her Majesty's Theatre." Sir John Vanbrugh, who built the first theatre, wrote on July 3, 1703, to Jacob Tonson (Dryden's publisher and bookseller, who at one time had his shop on the site of No. 141, Strand) that all the "writings for the Playhouse are finished," and that "the ground is the second stable-yard going up the Haymarket." This theatre was opened in 1705,

division into Stalls, Pit Stalls and Pit did not then exist in English theatres—could only be obtained on the recommendation of some important supporter of the Opera; as these persons were usually leading Society ladies, such as the then Duchesses of Marlborough, Devonshire and Bedford, Lady Jersey and others, men and women who were not on their "good" books would find some difficulty in attending. The performance would be followed by a ball in the concert-room and a supper; the Opera itself was not taken seriously and was merely considered an introduction to more entertaining fare.

When Waterloo had been lost and won, the principal interest, political, social and artistic, shifted temporarily from London to Paris, as was to be expected. The Allies had hardly reached Paris and begun to settle down in their quarters, when the Opera engaged their assiduous attention, perhaps as a counter-irritant to the gambling fever which possessed them. The other Allies, whose purses were not quite so long, would express justifiable indignation at finding all the best boxes and seats at the Opera booked up by the British, who never considered the cost if they could get what they meant to have. The singing is described as having

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then twice burnt down and rebuilt, the third time in 1867 with the famous arcade, a part of which has been preserved in the two new buildings on the site. An old playbill of the "King's Theatre" for 1815, in the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, shows the prices to have been, for Boxes 7/-, Pit 4/- and Gallery 3/-; on special occasions the prices would rise to as much as one guinea for certain seats.

been very poor, compared with London, but the orchestra was excellent; the *corps de ballet* would, however, receive most attention, not only on account of its marked efficiency, but because in its ranks were to be found some of the handsomest young women that Europe could produce—they were a legacy from Napoleon, who always had a kindly eye for a pretty woman. In the wings or the green-room could be seen on any evening much-decorated Ambassadors, Generals and Cabinet Ministers, who were paying due court to the most famous *coryphées* in the world. All these noted men would be dressed in the correct fashion: knee-breeches, opera-hats, buckled shoes and expensive frills and ruffles, affording a brilliant and picturesque sight for the beholder. After the Opera the damsels would be taken to supper at the *Palais Royal*, followed by a visit to the gaming-rooms, there to collect the latest scandals to entertain their friends on the morrow.

Though Frenchwomen in the mass would not pretend to any fondness for the Allies, they did not hesitate "to spoil the Egyptians," advancing patriotic motives in the doing of it, and giving the preference, wherever possible, to the British, who would never allow themselves to be outdone in generosity or extravagance—they would excuse this on the ground that it was done "for the honour and glory of England." One of the Britons who excelled all others from the British Isles, incredible as it may appear to those who like to regard the Scotsman as an "economical" person, was a gentleman from north of the Tweed, who expended some

£80,000 upon one of these feminine frailties who had captured his susceptible heart, he asking, in return, only for her "Platonic" affection, which was duly forthcoming, as long as the money continued to flow from the same source in her direction.

The rage for visiting theatres became so great in Paris in 1815 that soon some twenty of these establishments had sprung up and were filled to overflowing by persons of every description. When they all came under the control of La Rochefoucauld he would allow the English dandies to go behind the scenes and pay their respects, in more senses than one, to such queens of the ballet as Bigottini, Bias, and the never to be forgotten Madame Vestris. Born in 1797 as the daughter of Bartolozzi, the engraver, she married, in 1813, the famous dancer, Vestris, appearing in the same year at the King's Theatre, London, in Winter's opera of "Proserpina." After leading a very wild and scandalous life for a few years in Paris, she appeared in 1820 at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as "Lilla," "Adela" and "Artaxerxes," showing all the vivacity and charm of Storace without her grossness. She was much abused by the critics for her wanton mannerisms and dress in a burlesque of "Don Giovanni"; she carried the audiences with her by her sweet contralto voice in "The Light Guitar" and "Rise, Gentle Moon." She abandoned opera for light comedy and melodrama, after becoming the wife of Charles Mathews, the actor, and died in 1856 at "Holcroft's," re-named "Gore Lodge," on their removal to Fulham Road, from "Gore Lodge," West Brompton.

Lady Shelley tells the amusing story that Grassini, who left England for Paris in 1814, appeared once in the opera "Gli Orazie Curiazi" by Cimarosa in the kind of *Roman* costume which no Patrician lady of ancient Rome would ever have consented to wear, since it consisted "of a pair of tight flesh-coloured pantaloons, close to the shape, and over them, the thinnest white shawl drapery, which clung in loose folds to her form, making nakedness more nude."

Brilliant as was the Opera at this time, the Drama was its equal, in some respects even its superior, during the Napoleonic period. Among actors and actresses we had Kean, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons and Miss Farren, with Sheridan as the outstanding dramatist in England. He died at No. 17 Savile Row, after living at No. 14, on July 7th, 1816; his funeral on the 13th of that month was attended by the Dukes of Sussex and of York as chief mourners, while the pall was supported by the Dukes of Bedford and Argyle, Lords Lauderdale, Mulgrave, and Holland, and the Bishop of London; "the coffin," as described in the *Universal Review* of that month, "was borne to its resting-place in Westminster Abbey by a crowd of titled and illustrious mourners, whose homage to departed genius offered rather a suggestive contrast to their late neglect of its living owner. No circumstance of splendid woe was wanting to the burial of him whose last illness had been embittered by the falling away of friends and the growing pressure of pecuniary troubles, and whose hours were passed under his own roof only through the kindness or calculating fears of a

sheriff's officer." It is regrettable to have to record that his only son, Thomas Sheridan, showed early in his life some of the extravagant tendencies of his illustrious father. After becoming an aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, the commander-in-chief in Scotland, Thomas got into loose company and contracted the habit of keeping late hours. As the remonstrances of his Chief seemed to have no effect on the young man who, in accordance with custom, resided in the mansion of his patron, the latter adopted the following ruse: He sent the servants to bed one evening, and sat up himself for his young aide-de-camp, who returned home from a ball in high spirits, in more senses than one, at 6 o'clock in the morning. At his first knock, the commander-in-chief himself opened the door, and holding two lighted candles in his hand, showed the young man to his room in the most ceremonious manner, which would have done credit to the best-trained servant. It is said that Thomas Sheridan never forgot this pointed rebuke and reformed his ways.

Of Miss Farren (1759-1829), who married the twelfth Earl of Derby at St. George's, Hanover Square, in 1797, the ceremony itself taking place by special licence at 23 (now 26) Grosvenor Square, it was was said that she was "a lady on the stage, and an actress off it."

There is a good anecdote of Kean which, I believe, has not seen the light of publicity for over a century: One evening a celebrated actress remarked that she never saw such a sharp eye as Kean's, an eye that, to use a colloquialism of the time, could "penetrate through a deal board". "I

suppose, then," observed Johnston, "you mean he has **a** *gimlet* eye!"

Many anecdotes are told of John Kemble. When his pupil for elocution, the then Prince of Wales, would say affectedly "obleege," in place of "oblige," Kemble would become exasperated and exclaim: "May I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws and say 'oblige?' "

When asked his opinion of Conway, who was a more successful "ladies' man" than actor, Kemble replied: "Mr. Conway is a very tall young man." "But what do you think of him?" "I think Mr. Conway is a very tall young man." When one day he told Lord Blessington, a noted amateur actor, that even the worst professional was better than the best amateur actor, this nobleman, greatly huffed, enquired whether he considered Conway, a professional, to be better than he, an amateur, Kemble replied: "Conway is a very strong exception."

All the Kembles, including Mrs. Siddons, the sister of John Kemble, have shed lustre on the English stage.

Talma, the great French actor, and Bonaparte had, in the early days of their careers, been intimate friends; Napoleon, to do him justice, never forgot the friendships of his struggling days, and on attaining power, gave Talma free access to the *Tuileries Palace* to see him at any time. They would thus meet frequently and discuss tragedy, of which the Emperor was passionately fond, whilst Talma would take up the cudgels on behalf of comedy. The two old friends would argue for hours together. One day Napoleon remarked to a gentle-

man in Talma's presence: "If one prefers comedy, it is because one is growing old." "And you, Sire," retorted the gentleman, "you like tragedy, because you are too young."

Of Mademoiselle Mars Monsieur Legouvé tells the following story:—

"Mademoiselle Mars was dying. At the bed-side sat that saintly and revered priest, the Abbé Gallard; suddenly he heard from the lips of the dying lady, who was at the height of a delirium, a string of coherent words and connected sentences, which, however, were incomprehensible to him. What were those words? Whole passages from the 'Fausse Confidence,' the 'Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard'; the actress was rehearsing her parts; her face, wasted by sickness, grew bright as she represented these characters of the stage; her voice assumed their accent; then ceasing suddenly she assumed the attitude of a listener, and then applauded! She became her own spectator. This persistence in her love for art and its past memories made a singular impression on my mind."

Here are two interesting anecdotes of George Colman the Younger, actor and dramatist, and one-time exacting Examiner of Plays under the Lord Chamberlain, and J. Bannister:—

One evening these two actors were at dinner with Lord Erskine, the later Lord Chancellor, who happened to observe that he possessed then about three thousand head of sheep: "I perceive," interrupted Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the *woolsack*."

Bannister once asked the editor of his regular newspaper why he did not print an account of the recent prize fights: "My employer," replied the

editor, "sets his face against all boxers." "Then depend on it, he will get his teeth knocked out," answered the wit.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic cases of a composer of a world-wide song which will live, as long as the English language exists, was that of John Howard Payne, the writer of "Home, Sweet Home." He was born in New York on June 9th, 1791. His father, a schoolmaster, took him to Boston at the age of five. At twelve he entered a counting house, but the dull drudgery of a mercantile life was hateful to him. At thirteen he wrote a dramatic criticism for a boys' paper of which he was editor, and it was republished by the *New York Evening Post*. The following year he was cast adrift on the world through his father's financial difficulties. Payne took to the stage, appearing for the first time as Young Norval in "Douglas" at the Park Theatre, New York. His début was a complete success, and Boston, "the hub of the universe," went mad over him. He visited every part of the Union, and a Washington critic declared that "a more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in human countenance; and his face was an index to his heart—he was a perfect Cupid in beauty."

Visiting England, he was presented to Byron and other eminent men; Roscoe got him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where he was very successful. At Dublin he played with Miss O'Neil in several dramas. In Paris he became acquainted with Washington Irving,and with Talma, the great French tragedian. His tragedy of "Brutus" was

performed at Drury Lane in 1818, with Edmund Kean in the principal part; the play had what was then an extraordinary run of seventy-five nights. During his nineteen years in England, Payne composed fifty plays, but the song "Home, Sweet Home" alone secured him immortality. This song was composed in Paris in poor lodgings one dull October day. The depressing influences of his then solitary and poor position drew from him the sweet and simple pathos of this song. As originally written, it ran as follows:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
(Like the love of a mother
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade,
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.
An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds and the lambkins that come at my call;
Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side,
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all.
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

After re-writing it in the form which we all know and love, he incorporated it in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which he sold to Charles Kemble for £150 in 1823. Of the song itself, 100,000 copies were sold in a year, but Payne was not paid a farthing for this, even his name being

omitted from the title-page; the publishers were said to have cleared over 10,000 dollars by this song. The melody is believed by some to be a Sicilian air and Donizetti has a variation of it in his opera "Anna Bolina."

His song once saved him from captivity. Arrested with his friend, John Ross, the famous Cherokee chief, by the militia, he heard one of the soldiers humming the tune. When Payne declared himself the composer, he was disbelieved, and in proof of his identity sang "Home, Sweet Home" with all the pathos he could command. The soldier declared that the composer of such a song should not go to prison if he could help it, and on arriving at head-quarters, Payne was, much to his astonishment, released after a short examination. He returned to New York in 1832, and received a warm welcome from his admirers. In 1842 he was appointed American Consul at Tunis, but recalled three years after by President Polk, to make room for a political friend. After roaming all over Europe, and returning to Washington, he was re-appointed to Tunis in 1851, leaving his country never to see it again. He died on April 9th, 1852, and was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery of St. George at Tunis. After thirty years, his remains were brought to Washington, and finally interred in Oak Hill Cemetery on June 9th, 1883.

Payne suffered much from the miseries of poverty, as one may gather from his own pathetic words:—

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing

'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from boyhood, and in my old age have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Many have sung "Home, Sweet Home," and will sing it for centuries to come, but few have known who was the author of a melody which has done more to draw together the English-speaking peoples than almost any other agency, or have learnt how this beautiful song was first composed; its effect may be regarded as being as notable in its results, as the efforts of the modern "English-speaking Union" on both sides of the Atlantic to advance the same admirable cause.

A song writer who is said to have done much to secure the naval supremacy of England at the time, was Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), who, through his many stirring sea-songs, among others "Tom Bowling," fostered the sea spirit in most trying times in the same way in which the poems of Tyrtaeus were said to have animated the Spartans in the seventh century B.C.

And now for Sport. It is characteristic of the Briton that wherever he should happen to be in any part of the world, he will allow little time to elapse without introducing some kind of sport into the community. Stage-coaches, which were known already in the days of Charles II, since a coach would in 1684 take three days to get to Bath, were quite unknown in Paris, until a Captain Bacon with three friends drove the first four-in-hand from the house which later became the famous Café de Paris

at full speed to the Boulevard Beaumarchais and back. These and similar early innovations soon brought about some changes in the life of the Parisian. Another novelty was the introduction of thoroughbred race horses by an English officer who was a great lover of the Turf. He and a few brother officers had to overcome enormous difficulties and official objections, before some kind of a race meeting could be arranged at Valenciennes; this proving successful, racing now took place also in the Champ de Mars in Paris under the patronage of King Louis XVIII himself. These meetings must have been a curious sight, since one reads that "the course was kept by a forest of bayonets, while mounted police galloped after the running horses and, in some instances, reached the winning-post before them! There was only one small stand opposite a sentrybox, where the judge was seated. The running, to say the least, was ridiculous. Horses and riders fell, and the fête, as it was called, ended with a flourish of trumpets."

I have read of Continental and Transatlantic writers asking themselves the question whether the Briton would regret most the loss of a great battle, or the discontinuance of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, the Derby or the Cup-Tie Final, or the loss of a few tennis balls at Wimbledon! Few people know how tennis balls played a part in one of the wars of the fourteenth century. When Henry V of England was besieging Harfleur, and received a tun of tennis balls from the Dauphin of France, by way of derision, the English king had his gun-stones made in the shape of tennis balls,

and played them so hard upon the city, that the inhabitants of Harfleur cried aloud, "Alas! that ever such tennis balls were made!"

## CHAPTER VII.

# GAMBLING AND OTHER CLUBS.

"Gaming is a principal interest in human nature. It belongs to us all."—Edmund Burke, Speech (1780).

ANY record of the life of London and Paris in the period under review would be incomplete without a description of its club-life.

As regards the notable clubs of London, which were concentrated for the most part in Mayfair and St. James's, as they are to this day, it must be said that they were distinguished for their exclusiveness, an exclusiveness governed more by social standing and origin than personal character. The greater running-costs have compelled many of our present clubs to relax their rules and to admit to membership men of the commercial and financial worlds, men, it may be said truthfully, who are in every respect as regards character and manners superior to their predecessors of 1815; yet these men would at that time have had as much chance of being elected as of becoming Chiefs of the Cannibal Islands. "Trade" was practically "taboo," unless the trader had also become prominent in some other sphere than commerce, as in the case of "Mash-tub" Combe, Lord Mayor and brewer, from whom Beau Brummell on one occasion won twenty-five guineas

twelve times running; Brummell regarded it, in fact, as a great condescension on his part to let Combe lose money to him. "My Tradesmen," as social leaders would call them disdainfully, even though they might include well-known bankers and merchants, were not to be found, it is said, at such exclusive clubs as White's, Boodle's, Brooks's or Watier's—in addition, Graham's, and the Travellers', of which latter the idea originated with Lord Castlereagh in 1814; Talleyrand was a member, of whom Mr. Beresford Chancellor tells an amusing anecdote in one of his interesting books: When someone expressed astonishment that a certain great lady could, at her age, have married a *valet de chambre*, he replied, whilst continuing his game of whist, "it was late in the game—at nine we don't reckon honours." "Arthur's" was one of the exclusive and only "possible" clubs which, with the "Athenaeum" and a few others came into existence about a decade later; when a waiter employed at "Arthur's" was convicted of robbery, Selwyn the wit remarked, with a wry smile: "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate."

The original "Thatched House Tavern" in St. James's Street was demolished in 1814; on its site arose the new tavern, which was pulled down some thirty years later to make room for the Conservative Club building—the tavern was moved to a neighbouring house and later became the "Thatched House Club." In the original tavern, which was said to have dated back to the time of Henry VIII, when St. James's was still a Leper Hospital and not a Palace, the Prince of Wales and later Regent,

Sheridan and their friends were wont to congregate. One day, seeing the Prince partaking generously of brandy and water on a very cold day, Sheridan addressed to His Royal Highness the following verse: —

"The Prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer;
Till swallow after swallow came,
And he pronounced it summer."

The Dilettante Society and the Literary Club—later "The Club"—often assembled at this tavern. St. James's Street recalls Rowland or Rouland, the hairdresser who invented "Rowland's Macassar Oil," which suggested to housewives of the time the need of protecting their chair-backs, hence originated "Anti-macassars." Rowland was an émigré from the French Revolution, who returned to France in 1814, after amassing a fortune in London, and no wonder, since he would charge five shillings for a haircut and three shillings for a shave, with a shop crowded with distinguished men patiently awaiting their "turn," whilst discussing with animation the events and piquant scandals of the day.

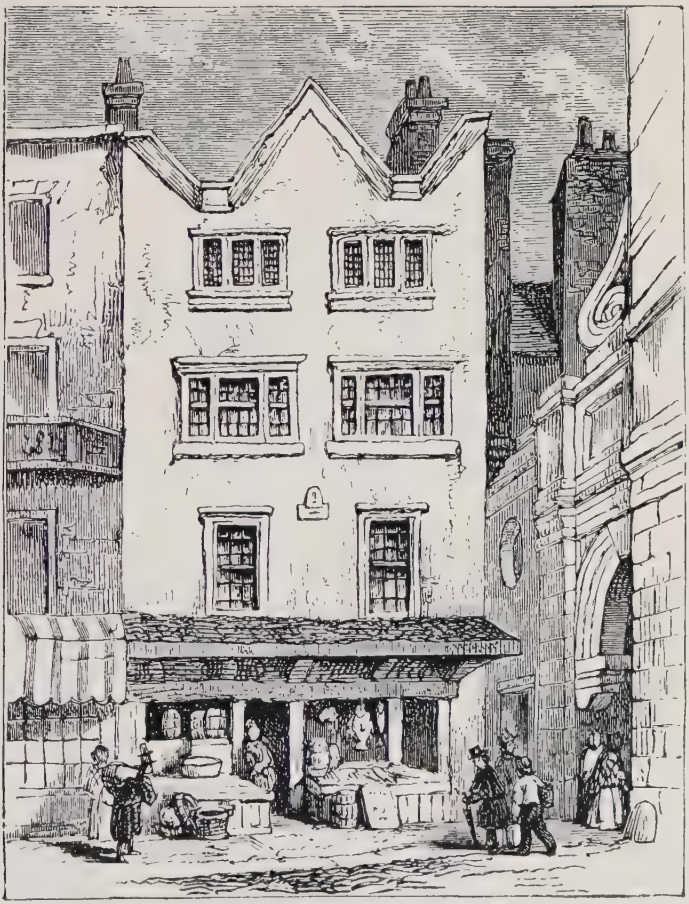
The famous "Cocoa Three Club" had Gibbon, Byron, and many other noted men as members. In 1813 the Guards' Club was established on a site adjoining the later Crockford's.

Gambling for high stakes was a necessary concomitant of a club's amenities, and to see huge fortunes lost and won in a single night was no uncommon sight. It is only too true that in many cases the winner would owe his good fortune not

so much to greater skill in playing cards or throwing the dice, than in having kept a clearer head, since drinking deep and long was a common practice. An instance of such subtle "prudence" is supplied by General Scott, George Canning's father-in-law; as the most skilful whist-player of his time, but always "straight" in his handling of the cards, only the best players would care to combat with him, if they kept sober. On one occasion he won £200,000 at White's from an opponent who had neglected this precaution; whilst he had allowed himself to become so muddled as hardly to be able to distinguish one card from another, Scott had remained as sober as a judge on the Bench, having followed his usual habit before gaming of dining only off a boiled chicken, with toast and water as sole liquid refreshment! But the play at White's, high though it might be, was completely eclipsed by Brooks's, where "Faro" and "Macao" would be played without "limit." Millions of golden guineas were lost here in the course of a few years by such regular frequenters as Charles James Fox, Selwyn the wit, and many others, whose names have become historic.

There are a few club stories of the time extant which will bear repetition:—

Two redoubtable gamesters had succeeded, thanks to a persistent run of ill-luck, in losing practically every shilling they possessed, but as their credit was still good, they hit upon the plan of forming a "bank" themselves, having observed that the "bank" always won in the end. Some accommodating friends advanced the necessary capital on "sharing terms," and in the result, after



CROCKFORD'S FISH SHOP.

satisfying their friends and "sleeping partners," the two "bankers" netted each about £100,000—the peer had learnt his lesson, and never played again, but the other, a rollicking, reckless Irishman, did not profit by his good fortune, and soon saw himself once more reduced to beggary.

Banks are institutions which are at all times very particular as to the habits and conduct of those who are connected with them, so it is not surprising that when George Drummond, a partner in the famous banking-house, committed the unpardonable offence of losing for the first and last time £20,000 at White's to Beau Brummell, he was "commanded" by the bank to relinquish his position as a partner in the institution.

Charles James Fox was an ardent and inveterate gambler. He was often in financial difficulties and quite in the hands of Howard & Gibbs, a name adopted by the most fashionable Jewish money-lenders of the time.

His name recalls "Almack's Card Club," which was founded by Almack in 1763 in Pall Mall, on the site of the present Marlborough Club, about a year before "Almack's Assembly Rooms" in King Street, St. James's. Fox was one of the most desperate gamblers at this club, which caused Jesse to compose the following lines:—

"At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks;
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox."

At this club the amounts won and lost were enormous; instances of £5,000 and more being staked

on a single card about 1772 and in later years were not uncommon. "Faro" was the favourite game. So great was the need of money of the gamblers, that the Jewish moneylenders, in quite considerable numbers,would wait in an outer room to"accommodate," if required—this room Fox nicknamed "the Jerusalem Chamber." In 1778 Brooks, a wine merchant and money-lender, took Almack's Club and removed it to St. James's Street, when it became known as Brooks's Club.

The manner in which Watier's famous dinner and gambling club at 81 Piccadilly, now rebuilt as mansion flats, came to be formed, deserves mention:—

One evening, as some prominent members of White's and Brooks's were dining with the Prince Regent at Carlton House, the latter enquired suddenly: "And what sort of dinners do they give you at your clubs?" "Oh, they are always the same," was a reply, "the eternal joints, or beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple-tart; this is what we have, Sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is at times." The Prince then summoned his cook, Watier, and asked him whether he would be prepared to found a dinner club where good and varied fare could be obtained, and thus "Watier's" was born, where the dinners were exquisite and the play—principally "Macao" and "Rouge-et-Noir"—extremely high and reckless. The heavy losses would give rise to much irritation and more than one duel was the result. The morals of many of the members could not have borne strict investigation, but for one kind of offence

there was no pardon—to be known as a rake or even a "rake-hell" was almost a form of distinction, but to cheat at cards was the unforgivable sin; it was said that when a prominent member of Watier's was "caught out" at cheating and found guilty, he at once took poison, though his friends gave it out that he had died of a broken heart at finding himself now a social pariah. The story goes that Beau Brummell, after heavy losses, asked the waiter to bring him a pistol, whereupon a member named Bob Leigh laid two loaded pistols on the would-be suicide's table, with the remark: "If you really wish to put an end to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means." Brummell, always a *poseur*, did not accept this offer.

How profitable must have been the possession of a gaming club during the Regency and George IV periods, may be gauged from the fact that Crockford, the fishmonger, whose premises adjoined old Temple Bar, founded Crockford's gambling club in St. James's Street, with the help of a partner named Gye, in 1827, and amassed a fortune of £1,200,000 in a few years—this club came to an end in 1844, but was later re-opened as the Devonshire Club. Crockford had, also, the good fortune to win £25,000 at Doncaster races in 1828, with which sum he paid off some of the liabilities he and his partner, Gye, had incurred in founding the club; with £100,000 which he had won from Lords Thanet and Granville, Mr. Bell Hughes and some others, the house in St. James's Street was built; the most popular game at Crockford's at that time was "Hazard," well-named indeed!

With St. James's Square, which about 1815 housed some twenty more or less reputable gaming houses, there is connected the story of an English officer who, being ordered to join Picton's Command in Belgium without delay, saw himself forced to borrow £200 from Cox & Greenwood, the Army bankers, of Craig's Court, for the purchase of necessary equipment. Reckless of consequences, he wandered, in passing, into one of these gaming-houses where "Rouge-et-Noir" was the usual game; to his own amazement he won £600 in a very short time, so that he was able to repay the loan at once and complete his outfit.

The love of a club is one of the inexplicable characteristics of the average Briton—it has been said that the first act of an Englishman who should arrive abroad for a stay, is to seek a club, preferably English, or to establish one, if he should find himself in some out-of-the-way part of the world and a few suitable candidates for membership can be discovered. So it is not surprising that when the Allies entered Paris in 1815, the British element looked around for a club, with a gambling annexe, if possible, but finding nothing resembling the kind to which they had been accustomed at home, they gravitated towards something far more dangerous than their usual London haunts, namely, the famous, or infamous *Salon des Etrangers*. Those who attended this notorious Parisian gambling club made the unpleasant experience that not only was the play there of a rather reckless and unscrupulous character, but that the code of honour which demanded "straight" dealing was practically non-

existent. This club had, moreover, earned for itself a sinister reputation that some of those who had won heavily, were never heard of again. It was a curious circumstance, however, that these mysterious disappearances were confined exclusively to persons of non-British nationality, so great was the fear inspired by the Duke of Wellington who, it was well-known, would demand a strict account if any of his officers or friends could not be found, either because they had been robbed and murdered on their way home or had committed suicide over their losses. How great a hold gambling may obtain over a man's soul, may be gathered from the story of a rich Englishman of 1815 who came specially from England, provided with all his available wealth in the form of Letters of Credit, in order to play at the "Etrangers," since "London," he was heard to declare, "did not offer sufficient scope!" On the last evening of his stay he rose from the table stripped of his last shilling, declaring that if he had had anything left, it should be placed on "red," since "black" had won fourteen times running!

When Henry Baring, a member of the famous banking house, developed into a confirmed gambler, although he generally rose as a winner at the "Etrangers," his resignation from the bank was demanded, since the credit of this institution was likely to suffer. Among some notable British victims of this Parisian gaming club were Lord Thanet, who lost an income of £50,000 a year there, and many others, who would rise from the green cloth as beggars. It used to be a common saying

that no gambler could hope to come away from this club, with any property left, *if he stayed too long;* those who were wise or strongminded enough to be satisfied with small gains or bearable losses and quitted in time, could be counted almost on the fingers of one hand, it was said, since any player showing a desire to leave, would be induced, through the blandishments of smiling Delilahs, the excellent cuisine, the fine wines and general luxury of the place, to stay on, with the usual result.

This gorgeously-furnished gaming hell was run by a French nobleman who, in addition to the "Salon," had a delightful villa near Paris, to which, on a Sunday, he would invite his wealthiest patrons and a number of *coryphées* from the Opera, the former to be relieved of their money, and the latter, as a writer observed, "to get rid of whatever virtue they might still have left." Here the *monde* and the *demi-monde* would rub shoulders in the most haphazard manner, any objections on the part of a sprinkling of respectable women who had been invited to give the place a much-needed *cachet,* being overcome by the excellent cooking, the wines and last, not least, the chance of rising as a winner from the tables.

In spite of its somewhat tarnished reputation, there was not an ambassador, officer or civilian of standing who did not, at some time or other, visit the *Salon des Etrangers.* Marshal Blücher was, of course, in the front rank of those military men who would seek distraction after the strain of the campaign by playing recklessly at "Rouge-et-Noir" and "Hazard"; how great were the profits from this

gaming club, may be seen from the fact that the "bank," that is to say the proprietor, not only paid all the heavy expenses of running the establishment, but contributed a large sum annually to the coffers of the Municipality of Paris. There would be suicides now and then, but they would be carefully hushed up, or described as "accidents," in the time-honoured way observed by similar institutions in our own time.

Just as Almack's,Carlton House and a few other places constituted the principal resorts of the fashionable world of London as then existing, so the *Palais Royal* of Paris was, in some measure, its counterpart, except that, in a moral sense, it stood on a lower plane. Into and around that enormous building, founded by the one-time all-powerful Cardinals Mazarin and Richelieu, there fluttered, like moths round a candle, an innumerable crowd of visitors from all countries on dissipation and distraction bent. It was the natural outlet for all the idleness, extreme fashions and vice that generally succeed the reaction of war, and it is said that the women of the underworld who were to be encountered here at all hours of the day or night, in full dress, their necks and arms loaded with jewels, not necessarily genuine, were one of the "free shows" of Paris, even in that time of grief and national humiliation.

It goes without saying that the officers of the Allied Armies were conspicuous in the gardens, corridors and saloons of the *Palais Royal.* Men and women renowned in the worlds of art, war and politics were to be seen there; many crowned heads

would appear on the scene after the return of the Bourbon—nominally *incogniti*, they would be found as the leaders in every possible form of extravagance; they would dine every evening unabashed in the most fashionable restaurants of the period with the "queens" of the *demi-monde*. One of the gambling houses of the *Palais Royal* on a grand scale, as it appeared in 1815, had on the ground-floor a jeweller's shop, where costly jewellery could be purchased by the successful gambler, perhaps to satisfy the demands of some exacting woman "friend." Adjoining the shop was a rather dirty staircase leading to the upper regions where, on the first floor over the shop, was a café, in charge of an unusually attractive woman, much *décollettée* and bejewelled; in this room would come together the *jeunesse dorée* of many nations, generally possessing more money than good sense, in order to discuss over a cup of insipid but highly priced coffee, their "adventures" with women and their "luck" at the gaming tables.

Adjoining this unsavoury café was the gaming room, over which there should have been written in letters of fire Dante's terrible words from the "Divine Comedy" over the gate to Hell: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Although gambling in the clubs of London might at times become excessive, it yet never at any time reached that utterly hectic, desperate stage which distinguished similar resorts at Paris in the Waterloo year. The play at the "Rouge-et-Noir" and "Roulette" tables would begin at noon, when there could be observed men in every stage of the gambling fever, from the seasoned

GALLERIES OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, CIRCA 1815.

player to the young "pigeon" only waiting to be "plucked." Here also could be found the usual number of old *habitués*, with nothing left to lose but their worthless lives, having sacrificed their fortunes, their social status and their health on the altar of the god of chance, their only source of livelihood consisting now in finding some gullible youngster desirous of "seeing life," upon whom the 1815 variety of the "confidence trick" could be played with some prospect of success; such scenes were of hourly occurrence at or near the tables, where the cheat and the cheated met together on a common platform—whoever might win or lose, however, the "bank" and the authorities of Paris remained the substantial gainers; the government of the day was reputed to derive an annual revenue of from three to four millions of Livres a year from these gambling hells, of which there was a number in Paris, in addition to those of the *Palais Royal*.

On the floor above this gambling den were the quarters set aside for the entertainment of unmarried women, not necessarily *déclassées*, who were able to live in a style of extravagance which could only be accounted for from the presumption that they had a direct or indirect financial interest in the profits of the gaming-tables. The other gaming-house, No. 9, consisted of a spacious suite of apartments, where four tables were placed for games of cards, dice and ball; each table would be watched by six armed employées, who would be relieved in relays, as play would begin daily, Sundays and weekdays included, at noon and continue until dawn. In addition, there were posted at the

entrance to these hells *gens d'armes* to support the management in case of "trouble." These arrangements would require the regular employment of some sixty persons; No. 9 had on the same floor two dance halls with an orchestra, where "women of the town" could pass the intervals from play with male partners—the adjoining café, with refreshments at exorbitant prices, would prove to be an easy means of disposing of any ready money not yet lost at the tables.

A lurid light on the habits of Paris after the fall of Napoleon is thrown by the extract from a letter received by a London merchant from a young pleasure-loving friend then in Paris, who was endeavouring to ape French manners, but only succeeded in making himself look ridiculous:—

"Paris, August, 1815.

"Living is extremely agreeable here, it is, *en vérité;* amusement after amusement *sans cesse.* No time for *ennui, mon cher.* A mere list of the *spectacles* would fill up a whole sheet of paper . . . Some of our booby countrymen find fault with the French *cuisine; pour moi,* I like it vastly . . . *Non, non,* I shall never relish plain boiled and roast again *positivement* . . . You will be sorry to hear that our friend P. lost a few hundreds at the *Palais Royal.* I don't play every night. On the whole I have been extremely lucky—*quelque chose* in pocket, *mais non pas beaucoup* . . . I was at the *bal masque* given by —. It was *magnifique, en vérité.* There were about 60 masques, and the different characters were supported *avec tout l'esprit possible,*" etc., etc.

One of the most frequent visitors to the gambling rooms of the *Palais Royal* was again that bluff, rough, fine old soldier, Marshal Blücher, who had at

all times proved himself to be such a thorn in the side of Napoleon and helped to win the battle of Waterloo. Fearless in the field, he was quite as fearless at the green table, playing always the *maximum* at "Rouge-et-Noir." People would turn up in crowds to see him play, or rather lose, since fortune rarely smiled upon him; whenever he lost, he would swear in German, letting go a string of picturesque oaths, to which no one paid any attention, since no one could understand them!

But all scenes were not so harmless as this, as can be seen from three incidents that were vouched for as having occurred at No. 9, *Palais Royal*, at the time of the allied occupation of Paris:—

One evening an officer of high rank in the —— Army, having staked and lost all he possessed in ready money, tore his valuable decorations from his breast and staked their value on one colour; he lost again, rushed from the room and then blew out his brains. Another officer of the commissariat, a man of unblemished reputation, drifted into this hell, and after losing all the money entrusted to him for the payment of Army stores, took his life. But these cases of almost daily suicides were not confined to the men, since many of the women would gamble with even more passion and desperation than the "stronger sex"—some of these women belonged to the best Society. One evening a young girl of about eighteen years of age, obviously a "lady," entered the rooms—her striking beauty drew towards her at once undesirable attentions from men visitors which she would reject with scorn and heightened colour. She was amply provided with

funds, which she staked and lost in a few hectic hours—her refined bearing had long ago gone by the board, and she looked now more like a fury from Hades than a lady. This girl, who had previously repulsed so decidedly the men who had desired her society, now nodded to one who stood near her; they left the room together—in an hour she returned, staked a thousand franc note and—lost! With the despairing cry of a lost soul: "Then I have sold myself for nothing!" she tottered from the room—a few hours later her body was recovered from the Seine.

What would have been the feelings of the writer of these charming lines, had he been present at this terrible scene:—

> "What man avers, or can believe,
> That woman has no Soul?
> In all her virtues we perceive,
> Its exquisite controul.
>
> It gleams in the benignant eye,
> Shines in each social duty;
> 'Tis wafted in each tender sigh,
> It is the lamp of beauty."

One of the outstanding characters, both as wit and gambler, which France produced, was Count Montrond. One evening, he was accused of cheating at cards, but replied coolly: "It is possible, but I do not like to be told of it." A duel followed, when Montrond was seriously wounded by his accuser; on his recovery, he again challenged his traducer, and succeeded in killing him. This vindictiveness made him so dreaded, that none dared to accuse him again, whatever they might suspect, so that Talley-

rand was induced to remark that "Montrond lives on his dead!"

Sentenced to the Guillotine during the "Terror," he noticed whilst awaiting execution, that those who made themselves too prominent by conversing with the guards, were always the first to be "called" on the morrow, so he assumed an unaccustomed modesty by keeping in the background, until only he and an old lady remained; when a noise arose outside he asked her to go and make enquiry from the guard, who replied: "Robespierre is dead, you will soon be free!"

This proved to be the case; to ensure his further safety, he gave his powerful social support first to Barras, and afterwards to Talleyrand who, by a timely "tip," enabled Montrond to make a fortune of half a million francs on the Bourse. Talleyrand once saved a banker who was on the verge of ruin; the latter, with a keen knowledge of human nature, requested that the great minister would each morning, on his way to his office, when passing the Bourse, tap him, the banker, on the shoulder and whisper in his ear "Bon jour, mon ami!" Talleyrand, much amused, agreed—the financial onlookers, convinced that the banker was in the special confidence of Napoleon's adviser, accorded him unlimited credit and thus helped him to save himself and amass a fortune. Talleyrand liked efficiency, but hated fussiness. One day, noticing that the zealousness of his new secretary was outrunning his discretion, he said to him: "My dear fellow, a good secretary should have plenty of industry, but no zeal!"

Viscount Castlerosse, in his chatty "Londoner's Log" in the *Sunday Express* tells the following story of the cynical Talleyrand: He lived with a lady called Mrs. Grant. When urged to marry her, he replied, "My friend, if I married, where would I spend my evenings?" When, on another occasion, he was asked how he could stand the company of such a stupid woman, he replied, "Elle me repose" ("she rests me").

Hated as Montrond was by Napoleon, whom he used to ridicule on many occasions, yet the Emperor, when hard pressed for a man he could trust as an unofficial ambassador to Vienna during the "Hundred Days" of 1815, sent him to endeavour to win over Talleyrand and Metternich to his side; he was also to endeavour to induce his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, to return to him. However, Montrond failed, since Talleyrand, always "sensing" the psychological moment for a change of front, foresaw that Napoleon's last effort could not succeed, and refused to help. Marie Louise, happy in the beautiful castle of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, was, as Montrond reported, "so devoted to tulips as not to care about her husband's laurels."

Montrond's character has been described as "demure, sleek, sly, and dangerous," with a biting wit and a skill at swordplay, which earned him respect. He was feared and hated as a gambler both in Paris and London. The then Duke of York, on hearing that Montrond was considered to be "the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France," at once invited him to his London house and table.

Many other stories were put in circulation about Montrond, of which I quote a few only:—

When on his deathbed, observing that his mistress was annexing his property without waiting for the end, he complained to a friend: "I have not got a sou, I have lost my appetite, I cannot drink, and Désirée's only occupation is to carry off my best china!"

When Emile de Girardin, the writer, and a natural son of Alexandre de Girardin, had become famous, he advised the father to recognize his son openly, "or soon he will not recognize you!"

When a bald-headed general asked him one day what rare gift he could make to a lady, Montrond replied: "Give her a lock of your hair!"

A French gentleman with exceptionally thin legs, who would persist in wearing knee-breeches, cocked hat and a Court sword on all occasions, roused his ire by this proceeding: "Do tell me, my dear fellow," asked Montrond, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

When a friend was expending extravagant praise on the virtues of the lady he proposed to marry, who happened to be the natural daughter of a royal Duke, Montrond,exasperated at last, exclaimed: "To hear you, one would suppose you were going to marry a *super*natural girl!"

How a delightful young man, named Thomas Street, became one of the wildest gamblers and most reckless boon companions of the Prince Regent, forms an unusual romance, as given to me by Mrs. Ethel M. Ede, his lineal descendant:—

"It was towards the close of the 18th century that a young man, Thomas Street by name, having passed into the Indian Civil Service, was about to set forth to take up his duties, when a romantic episode occurred which changed the whole course of his life. On a cold evening in winter he had taken his seat in the coach bound for London, when suddenly a very sweet face appeared at the door and enquired in a gentle voice 'is there any gentleman here who will be kind enough to give up his seat to my husband, who is ill and cannot travel outside?' Young Street at once jumped out, and the invalid gratefully took the vacated seat. Mr. Street and the young wife then climbed to the top, and made the journey side by side. Before their destination was reached, the young man had fallen deeply in love with his fair companion, but as he knew that nothing could come from his infatuation, he parted sorrowfully from her at the journey's end and left for India, carrying her image in his heart. On learning some months later from a newspaper report that her husband was dead and that she was now free, he threw up the Service and sacrificed his career, hurrying to England as quickly as the sailing vessels of those days could carry him. After a very short courtship, he married the object of his adoration. His father, furious at his son's action in throwing up his brilliant career, repudiated him, so that these two young people had to start their married life on a paltry £30. The weary search for employment had almost reduced him to a state of hopelessness, when he learnt that Pitt the Younger would make a speech in the House of Commons and that all reporters, for some unknown reason, would be excluded. His mind was quickly made up—securing a seat in the Strangers' Gallery, he succeeded in taking down, unobserved, the whole speech. On offering the text to a publisher the next morning, he was met with incredulity, but at last believed, and given fifteen guineas for what would in our day be called a 'journalistic scoop.' Pitt was furious on finding his speech in print in defiance

of his wishes, and demanded the name of the reporter from the editor of the journal who, after some hesitation, supplied it. Pitt went to the address to pour out the vials of his wrath on Street's head, but was disarmed by the young man's charming manner. Pitt got him appointed to the Secret Service to watch and report upon the course of the French Revolution; in some manner he succeeded in acquiring wealth, and returned to England a rich man. After the death of his wife in 1798, his character deteriorated, and he became a hopeless gambler; his house by the Thames became the resort of others like himself, such as the Prince Regent, the Dukes of York and Sussex, Beau Brummell, Alvanley. He won Oatlands Park from the Duke of York, but lost it again in a few days. His last London home was the Priory, Kilburn, but though he was said to have owned the whole of Phillimore Terrace, he died a poor man."

That gambling, often for desperate and curious stakes was not, however, confined to higher social scales, would appear from an account of frantic and drunken gambling which appeared in the *Times* of April 17, 1812:—

"On Wednesday evening an extraordinary investigation took place at Bow Street. Croker, the officer, was passing the Hampstead Road; he observed at a short distance before him two men on a wall, and directly after saw the tallest of them, a stout man about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp-post, attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. This unexpected and extraordinary sight astonished the officer; he made up to the spot with all speed, and just after he arrived there, the tall man who had been hanged, fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff, said he was an officer, and demanded to know of the

other man the cause of such conduct; in the mean time the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and on Croker interfering, gave him a violent blow on the nose, which nearly knocked him backward. The short man was endeavouring to make off; however, the officer procured assistance, and both were brought to the office, when the account they gave was, that they worked on canals. They had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money, and afterward for their clothes, the tall man who was hanged won the other's jacket, trowsers and shoes! they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss. They got upon the wall, the one to submit, and the other to hang him on the lamp-iron. They both agreed in this statement. The tall one who had been hanged, said, if he had won the toss, he would have hanged the other. He said, he then felt the effects on his neck at the time he was hanging, and his eyes was so much swelled that he saw double. The magistrates expressed their horror and disgust, and ordered the man who had been hanged to find bail for the violent and unjustifiable assault upon the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Not having bail, they were committed to Bridewell for trial."

Yet it would be unjust to conclude from the above examples that the gambling and roystering sets of London and Paris were all that the world of 1815 represented in the eyes of the general public; there existed some other sections in both countries, often far removed from the capital, which may be said to have shown all that was best and cleanest in European Society, after the régime of Napoleon, to whom Bolingbroke's description of Marlborough could be applied, "He was so great a man, that I have forgotten all his faults," had been definitely eliminated from the world's stage with his final exile to the rock of St. Helena.

## CHAPTER VIII.

# HOTELS AND CAFÉS.

"There is nothing which has been contrived by man, by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern or inn."

—Samuel Johnson to Boswell (1776).

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"It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests which makes the feast."

—Lord Clarendon.

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IF the modern traveller, accustomed to the gorgeous caravanseries which now ornament all large cities—at proportionate charges—were to be transported back to the year 1815, he would find much to criticise, yet in their way the hostelries and inns of the time were comfortable enough; they possessed a cheerful intimacy and friendliness which their modern successors entirely lack. So pleasant in their atmosphere were the hotels and inns of the early part of the 19th century, that many men of rank and fame, such, for instance, as Wellington, Nelson, Pitt, Scott, Byron, and many others, would prefer their solid comforts to their sometimes hectic club life.

Among the most frequented hotels of the period were the Clarendon, formerly at No. 169 New Bond Street, but demolished in 1874, where the famous Literary Club, now "The Club," founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1764, celebrated its centenary in 1864—on its site had stood at one time the town-house of the Dukes of Grafton, where the elder Pitt lived about 1741. Then there was Limmer's, in Conduit Street, on the site of No. 25, with its essentially sporting *clientèle;* it bore the reputation of being the dirtiest and worst-kept hostelry in London, and yet, so great was the number of guests at all times, that often no amount of money could hire a bed for the night! There is the story that on a guest complaining that he had found more dirt than he had expected, he was informed that no one had complained before, and that he might consider himself fortunate if the additional dirt was not charged to him as an "extra" in his bill! Those were the days when "mine host" was a very real power in the land, with far-reaching political influence. Limmer's, however, had one powerful recommendation: It would provide the best gin-punch in London.

Then we had Ibbetson's, the favourite hostelry of the country parson and clerical university student on a visit to London, where no gambling or full-flavoured language was permitted—and the prices were lower than anywhere else!

In Oxford Street there was Fladong's, which had to serve as a rendezvous for the naval officer on leave, since there was no other place in London at that time where he could meet his shipmates.

Steven's Hotel, at 18 New Bond Street, now part of Fischer's Hotel, was the resort of Army officers and men about town; Lord Byron liked the exclusive company he could find here, since strangers, who had not been properly introduced by old customers, finding themselves cold-shouldered both by the habitués of the place and the supercilious and haughty waiters, would not dare to repeat a visit! There might be, and often were, many vacant tables in the guest-room, but the "uninvited guest," so to speak, would be assured with every appearance of truth that all tables were already engaged. The attraction of the place lay not in the viands, which consisted of the usual joint, boiled fish, or the very occasional sole, but in the fact that there was no limit to the quantity and quality of the choice and matured wines which could be consumed on the premises! Five bottles of wine with the dinner was no uncommon allowance!

When Byron desired a change from these surroundings, he would cross the road to Long's Hotel at Nos 15 and 16—on the site is now Bond Street House—where he would play billiards in the room now forming part of Truslove and Hanson's bookshop in Clifford Street.

Then there was the Pulteney Hotel—the later Green Park and now the Splendide Hotel—formerly "old Q's." (the Duke of Queensberry's) house, overlooking the Green Park. In addition, there were many comfortable inns and coffee-houses, some of which have succeeded in escaping "the Juggernaut of modern progress."

The contrast between the hotels, inns and coffee-

houses of the London of 1815 and similar establishments of Paris was as great as between a London tea-shop of to-day and the open-air cafés of the Boulevards. This difference was largely due to the difficulties of communication between the two capitals. Travelling from place to place in 1815 was not the comfortable and joyous excursion it became later on with the introduction of steam-boats and railways. The roads were wretched and hardly deserved the name, and the recent large and hurried movements of guns and troops had not tended to improve them. In addition, the expense of coach and ship travel between London and Paris was quite out of proportion to the service rendered. The fare (inside all the way) by road, plus sea-passage, would be about £4 each way, a sum that only the well-to-do could afford, so that regular travellers would constitute only a very limited class which had to accept such accommodation as was offered on the other side of the Channel in the disturbed state of the country. Between Calais and Paris horses had to be changed twenty-one times by the shortest route via Beauvais; by the other two routes via Chantilly and St. Omer, the changes would be even more frequent. The first steam vessel to enter the harbour of Calais was the "Triton," in 1820, and the second the "Rob Roy"—this innovation enabled the journey from London to Calais to be accomplished in eleven hours!

Mention of Calais recalls the following pathetic notice under "Deaths" in the *Annual Register* for 1815: "Emma, widow of Sir William Hamilton. This person, well-known for her various adventures,

and especially for the passionate attachment of Lord Nelson, died at Calais in a state of desertion."

The "Hotel Meurice" in Paris, as we now know it was at that time an insignificant hostelry in the rue de l'Echiquier; there were only a few inns in the still unfinished rue de la Paix—they did not deserve the name of hotels, and would be classed as fifth-rate to our modern ideas. But what some of these inns lacked in comfort, they would make up for in grandiloquent names; when the Allies entered Paris, an insignificant inn in the rue Lafitte changed its name to "Hôtel d'Angleterre," another went still further by altering its title, chameleon-like, from "Hôtel de Napoléon," Hôtel de Bourbon," Hôtel Louis Dix-Huit" or Hôtel de la Paix" to "Hôtel des Alliés," according to the style and quality of the customers it might expect in the ever-changing situation of the moment!

The rue de Richelieu possessed a much frequented and fairly select restaurant, of which one of the most celebrated customers was Chateaubriand who, during his enforced exile in England, had had to wash his own linen in the Thames at Chelsea, because he could not afford a washerwoman; when, after the Restoration, he became Louis XVIII's Ambassador to England, he would delight in visiting the spot near the old Parish Church where he had once upon a time washed his shirts and stockings. One of Napoleon's former cooks, finding himself out of employment after the "fall," but with the profitable "pickings" of his old service, purchased an old-established eating-house which soon acquired a great reputation for its excellent cooking

and service. The "Trois Frères" in the *Palais Royal* was the resort of the military party, where Napoleon would sometimes meet in conference some of his most trusted generals. On the Boulevard du Temple was the "Café Turc," beloved of the shopkeepers and the *petit rentier*—the man with a small invested income. Here ladies were admitted, and it was an unwritten law that when any were present, the male guests would abstain from smoking, as a chivalrous concession to the fair sex; nowadays such an "unwritten law" would be regarded as a superfluity.

After dinner, in such Parisian places where it might be provided, the guests would adjourn to the theatres or the gaming rooms of the *Salon des Etrangers*—or even to less reputable and more licentious haunts.

A SOCIAL GATHERING IN HYDE PARK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER IX.

# HYDE PARK.

"Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage . . . with the deer trooping in silent herds."

—Washington Irving.

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HYDE PARK has been the subject of conversation, historical and polemical, ever since it was thrown open to the public by King Charles I. in 1625, after having been a royal hunting-ground since 1536, when its 394 acres, a part of the Manor of Hyde, were "acquired" by King Henry VIII. by methods more forcible than polite.

In 1815 Hyde Park was more or less in the open country and the London boroughs surrounding it now were little more than large parishes governed by local Vestries, in place of the influential and dignified Borough Councils established in the year 1888.

In 1815 cows and deer were seen to graze in Hyde Park in abundance; the number of visitors was negligible compared with to-day, and the atmosphere was more as nature intended, than it became in later years.

In those days, which are still sufficiently near to us to be regarded as being almost within our personal "sphere of influence," since there are still men and women living who can remember their grandparents speaking to them of those times when Hyde Park was to a great extent the exclusive resort of the dandies, beaux and belles of the period—the ordinary public, as we now know it, was conspicuous by its absence. It was about five o'clock of the afternoon that gentlemen could then be seen prancing along Rotten Row on such horseflesh as England alone in the world has ever been able to produce. The costume of the "beau" would at that time consist usually of a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches and top boots; in addition, he had to wear a deep, stiff cravat, modelled on Beau Brummell, whom all the fashionable world would watch closely for any change in the folds or shade of his neckwear, the shine of his boots, or the "set" of his coat, and none more so than the Prince Regent himself—not to be dressed for the Park by the tailor who supplied the sublime dandy Beau Brummell with his clothes, was to acknowledge oneself as being outside the "best sets." When, one day, a dandy asked Brummell where he managed to get his magnificent blacking, the Beau replied, with a sigh: "Ah! my blacking positively ruins me. I will tell you in confidence—it is made with the finest Champagne."

In place of horses, ladies would use for "the Park" a carriage holding only two passengers, the hammercloth richly embroidered with coats-of-arms and other devices; the vehicle would be in charge of smartly-liveried footmen and the coachman, with

his glorious appearance, could have put a bewigged Lord Chancellor in the shade.

The accompanying Plate, "A Social Gathering in Hyde Park at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century," is typical of one of these assemblies: The man in the foreground, his back towards the beholder, is the notorious Colonel Wyndham, of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson once prophesied that "he would soon make a very pretty rascal." The horseman is Richard Brinsley Sheridan—the horseman behind him is the famous seaman, Sir Thomas Trowbridge. On foot, we see Sir Francis Burdett; Daniel Clarke, the great traveller, and King, the actor. Amongst the ladies we have Mary Salmon, the celebrated "Queen of English Song"; Mrs. Billington, whose musical talents once brought her in ten thousand a year; Mrs. Delany; apart, in the drive, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, talking to Charles James Fox. The youth, dressed like a man, between the two ladies in the foreground, is the future Prime Minister, Viscount Palmerston.

But with the rise of the middle-class, after the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the introduction of Free Trade which made England rich and great, the character of the Park began to change and it became in time the haunt of what a writer of the time would call contemptuously "Brummagem Society" —highly respectable, no doubt, but partaking of shabby gentility in outfit and attendants, with the absence of that brilliance and recklessness which had distinguished the Regency period,when such leaders of fashion as the Prince Regent, Beau Brummell, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Lord Harrowby, to come

into prominence in 1820 over the Cato Street Conspiracy, the Earl of Sefton, and among the ladies such renowned beauties as the Duchesses of Rutland, Argyll, Bedford and, last, not least, the sprightly Lady Jersey, and many others whose names and achievements have become historic, adorned by their presence. People, of whom nothing was known socially, would, by a kind of "unwritten law," go elsewhere, and the ladies of "the oldest profession" had to look for less exclusive hunting-grounds.

Of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield many good stories are told: One evening, when the Regent was staying at the Pavilion in his beloved Brighton, he asked the gay company present whether it contained any one who could play the violoncello; Sir Benjamin, then Captain Bloomfield, of the Artillery, a renowned amateur musician, stepped forward, and so pleased the Prince that he became his almost constant companion. The Regent was once involved in an unpleasant incident, which might have had, but for Bloomfield, very serious consequences for him. It seems that in a burst of generosity the Prince had presented a lady whom he temporarily admired with some jewels which formed part of the Regalia, and could not, therefore, be alienated. It fell to Sir Benjamin to effect the restitution of these illegally disposed of ornaments to the Crown, i.e., the State. To force this fascinating lady into acquiescence, involved Sir Benjamin in considerable unpleasantness and some extravagant scenes, for which service he was sent as British Ambassador to Sweden, where he succeeded in making himself as much a *persona grata*

with the King of Sweden, the former Napoleonic general Bernadotte, as he had been with the Regent. By his tact in restoring the jewels, Bloomfield proved himself undoubtedly one of the few really loyal and diplomatic friends the Regent had ever possessed.

## CHAPTER X.

# FRENCH DUELS.

"Duelling, as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls upon the offender or the person offended."—Paley.

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IT was but natural that the hatreds, fierce and ungovernable, engendered by the Napoleonic wars and, above all, by the defeat of the French Army at Waterloo, should find open expression, however much army orders might deprecate "incidents." Not only was Paris in 1815 faced with the presence of the victorious Allies, but with the rival parties of the supporters of Bonaparte and of the Bourbons, whose acrimonious quarrels were not infrequently the most bitter of any. These hatreds and disputes led to an intensification of duelling in 1815, such as had not been seen since before the French Revolution, when this form of settling private quarrels constituted part of the normal daily routine of a young man's life, that is, if he belonged to the *noblesse*. During the last years of the reign of Louis XVI., duelling had become so common, that the average duration of life of a young man of standing of the period had fallen to thirty years!

In justice to the Allies, it must be said that the provocation and insults proceeded almost invariably

from the French side. There was at this time a famous café in Paris, called "Tortoni's," where a room had been set apart for the sole purpose of duelling. In this room many famous duellists would meet, of whom the most dreaded, as was but natural, was an Irishman who was then serving as an officer in the French Royal Guards; in one single year he killed nine opponents without sustaining even a single scratch! Some of these fire-eaters would go even into the streets and insult and provoke to a duel the first likely gentleman they should happen to encounter.

Just as Hyde Park was the favourite spot in London, if we except Wimbledon Common and Putney Heath, for duels, so the secluded spots of the Bois de Boulogne would be chosen for a similar purpose in Paris, particularly after "Tortoni's" was beginning to attract the too close attention of the authorities. As Frenchmen at this time had the reputation of being such expert swordsmen as to make the result almost a foregone conclusion, a foreigner engaged with a French duellist would, if he desired it, be given the chance of using pistols—this was a concession to fair play.

The café most favoured during the occupation by the Prussians and used by them as a kind of unofficial headquarters, was the "Café Foy," and there the French, whose hatred of the Germans passed all bounds, would come with the express intention of picking a quarrel with their late enemies. It is said that on one occasion, before Wellington could send a company of British soldiers to restore order, fourteen Prussians and ten Frenchmen had either been

killed or wounded in a sanguinary collision. When the French found that the Prussians, Russians and Austrians were less inclined to stand any nonsense or insults without retaliation, they would turn to the more patient and long-suffering English, Welsh and Scots, but give a clear field to the Irish, of whose devastating impetuosity and skill in a fight they had had some very painful and surprising experiences. But they met their match once in an English Colonel of Engineers, who succeeded in killing no less than three Frenchmen in one day, and was left severely alone after this exploit! There is the well authenticated story that one day, when a Frenchman had annoyed him in a café, he beat him over the head with a long French loaf, saying that "he would serve every —— Frenchman the same." He killed the man in the ensuing duel. At last, a French officer determined to put an end to this British "terror," and showed himself so eager to finish him, that he would not even grant the Englishman the time to shave or have his breakfast, insisting on immediate satisfaction. The Colonel, nothing loth, killed the Frenchman and then coolly returned for his shave and his breakfast!

The French counted so much upon the traditional British generosity to a fallen foe, in offering them every conceivable kind of insult and provocation, that two English officers, tired of this merry game, declared in a café, after placing their cards on the mantel-piece, that "they would fight and kill every Frenchman, or any number of them, who should henceforth dare to insult a Briton"; not a single response came from the French side to this com-

prehensive challenge!

There is also the story that one day, as an English lady and gentleman were walking together near the *Palais Royal*, a well-known French colonel, a notorious bully and duellist, had the impertinence to place his arm around the lady's waist! On the Englishman protesting at such treatment of a lady, this "officer and gentleman" spat in his face, receiving in return a blow from a stick which felled him to the ground. When the arrangements for a duel had been completed, the Frenchman boasted of his successes and added: "I will now complete my list by killing an Englishman"—but, instead, the Englishman sent a bullet through his heart a few minutes later! But this was not the end: The dead French officer had had many friends, and in quick succession no less than a dozen challenges reached him from Bonapartists, but the authorities intervened and stopped the proposed duels, after the Englishman had wounded the first new challenger in the knee, and there was a danger that he might kill or wound the lot, so skilful was he discovered to be with the sword and pistol! However, the duelling honours did not always fall to the British arms, the more skilful and nimble French cutting short the career of many a promising British officer.

These are only a very few of the many "incidents" which occurred during the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1815, and have been placed on record by various writers. Feelings ran very high just then, and there was still left a considerable leaven of the savagery engendered by the French Revolution and by twenty-five years of almost continuous warfare.

## CHAPTER XI.

# ST. GERMAIN.

"It is impossible, in our condition of Society, not to be sometimes a snob."
—Thackeray, "Book of Snobs," Chap. 3.

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THE great social world which possessed real influence on the affairs of men, and was entirely distinct from the butterfly world which found its way to the *Palais Royal* and the *Salon des Etrangers*, was to be encountered within the exclusive walls of St. Germain. Here one could meet such outstanding English figures as Lord Castlereagh and his lovely wife—the latter would rouse the galled envy of the women of Paris by her display of magnificent diamonds; they would endeavour to wound her by spiteful comments, as only women can hurt women, but Lady Castlereagh would go serenely on her way like a brilliant planet surrounded by its satellites, which were, willy-nilly, compelled to follow.

When a grand ball was given at the British Embassy on June 25, 1816, it was said that Lady Castlereagh's only possible rival was the fascinating Duchesse de Berri, whose dancing was a revelation in grace of movement.

In the circles she adorned were to be met all the leading diplomats, allied generals, and even some Bonapartists who were still too influential to be ignored, despite recent events. The number of high-born men and women who filled the drawing-rooms of St. Germain would have made the population of a fair-sized town. Foremost among these frequenters was the cunning and elusive Prince de Talleyrand who, having learned the art of diplomacy in the ecclesiastical school when a bishop, before embracing statesmanship, knew to a second the psychological moment when to turn his back on the setting and to greet the rising sun.

There used to be a great deal of controversy as to the identity of the person who threw Talleyrand's brain into a drain after the embalming of the body. His valet was at first suspected, but it was later discovered by a French newspaper that the deed was done by a pharmacist named Micard. It appears that Talleyrand, before his death, had arranged with his physician and with Micard for the embalming in the ancient Egyptian manner. The brain was to be taken out, steeped in spices, and then returned to its place in the embalmed body. Micard, however, hurried in his work, since decomposition was on the point of setting in, forgot to re-insert the brain, as he had been instructed; finding it now impossible to do so, he took the brain and threw it into the drain in the rue St. Honoré—into the same drain into which the remains of Robespierre were cast after his execution. Such is the true story, which Micard, for reasons of his own, had kept secret, so that Victor Hugo was reasonably misled in attributing the omission, in the

first chapter of his "Choses Vues" (Things Seen), to Talleyrand's valet.

It is certainly pleasing to our national self-esteem to be able to record, from the evidence of reliable eye-witnesses, that it was the women of England who, for charm, wit, and beauty put their French sisters invariably in the shade—one need only mention the lovely Lady Conyngham, as typical of her kind, who could be met at those delightful evening parties to which an invitation conferred an undeniable social distinction; at these exclusive places could be seen such noted people as George Canning, Madame de Staël, Lord and Lady Castlereagh and a host of young men of such good standing and reputation, whom match-making Mammas would regard as too desirable partis for their daughters to permit them to accept lesser lights as partners in a dance until all hope of enchaining the really eligibles had vanished for the evening.

If, as a rare favour, some of those who were not of the Royalist elect, but were of what was regarded by St. Germain as the pinchbeck aristocracy created by Napoleon—did he not make his washerwoman, the famous "Madame Sans Gêne," a Duchess—were admitted to those exclusive circles, they would be treated by other women present with scarcely veiled disdain; only the men would, to their credit be it said, remember the duties of hospitality towards those of a different social and political status. Once the difficult threshold was crossed, host and hostess would treat such unwelcome visitors with every kindness and consideration—the host, however much he and his might have suffered under the

"Terror" or under the iron heel of Napoleon, was always the *grand seigneur* on such occasions, whether the other Royalist guests approved or not; many of these Bonapartist guests, once rich and powerful, were so no longer, but this would be forgotten whilst under his roof. This conduct was in strong contrast to the behaviour of the purse-proud parvenus who came into prominence in the reign of Louis Philippe, and would not hesitate to discriminate against their poorer, though usually better-born guests.

How rigidly this rule of courtesy to a guest was observed by a host of St. Germain and, of necessity, copied by all others present, may be gathered from an incident when a noted *demi-mondaine*, who had been the mistress of a minor royalty, found herself invited, through a similarity of name with a lady of the great social world, to an exclusive function which she did not fail to attend. Though recognized at her entrance, not a muscle moved nor was an eyebrow raised, but she was treated with the same consideration as if she had been really the great lady for whom the invitation had been intended; to her credit, it must be said, that her conduct during the evening was all that could be expected from a well-bred woman.

But there were other drawing-rooms, slightly outside the confines of St. Germain, yet sufficiently distinguished to be frequented by ladies of the old régime who would disregard the rigid Code of St. Germain, and forget their good manners—only the old arrogance would be as conspicuous as ever; there were those who would endeavour to excuse this

deterioration as the result of the sufferings and privations they had endured while in exile—should they encounter any of the ladies of the former Napoleonic era, they would treat them with undisguised contempt, with the raised eyebrows and look that spoke volumes: this contempt was returned in kind by sarcastic comments, anecdotes and innuendoes on the personal peculiarities of the former *émigrées* of the Revolution; the manner in which such attempts at retaliation would be met by the haughty and disgusted Royalist women sank deep into the memory of the victims who, some fifteen years later, took their revenge by helping to drive the Bourbon King Charles X. from the throne of France.

The exclusiveness of the St. Germain of 1815 represented a world that is no more, though there are said to be still in existence in Paris some secluded corners, hidden from the eyes of an age which they have outlived, where the old traditions make a pathetic and futile struggle for survival.

## CHAPTER XII.

# WHEN SNUFF-TAKING WAS THE FASHION.

"What strange and wondrous virtue must there be,
And secret charm, O Snuff! concealed in thee,
That bounteous nature and inventive art,
Bedecking thee, thus all their powers exert."

—Engraved on an old snuff-box, 18th century.

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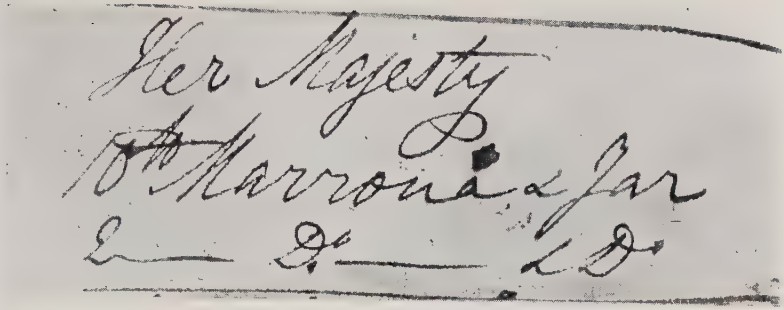
IT is not often that one may read of Peers of the Realm making their own boot-blacking, sampling and drinking various brands of tea and collecting snuff. Curiously enough, Lord Petersham's fame in history seems to have rested, not on his achievements as a legislator or on his social qualities, but on his blacking and a special kind of snuff, both of his own invention, at the time when he lived in Harrington House, Stableyard, St. James's. The most celebrated of the two was his snuff, which became known as "Lord Petersham's mixture," and attained the dignity of a household word. He perfected his hobby which, incidentally, would seem to have been profitable as well, by making so many varieties of his snuff mixture, that he was said to have a different kind for each day and a different snuff-box for each quality; he also possessed sum-

mer and winter boxes, which were of the most costly kind. When one day a lady was admiring the box from which he was just taking a pinch, he remarked: "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear!"

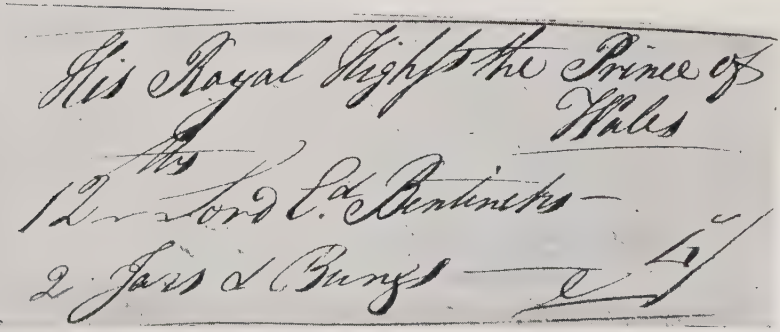
He was enormously wealthy, so that he could indulge in other expensive hobbies as well, such as his clothes, which almost outshone those of Beau Brummell himself, and an exquisite collection of canes. A new great coat which he also designed, received the name of "a Petersham," a fact which is said to have driven Brummell to the verge of exasperation. In all his apparel he showed a marked preference for brown, the origin of which was traced to a youthful romance with a charming widow named Brown—his love evaporated in due course, but his love for the brown colour remained as a fragrant memory.

It was Louis XV. of France, surnamed "the Well-Beloved," through whose patronage snuff-taking became popular on the Continent, whence it found its way to England; French ladies acquired the habit of carrying enormous snuff-boxes, bearing the miniature portraits of their lovers, *sometimes* of their husbands and children, on the jewelled lid. It was said to have been regarded as an additional offence in the eyes of her many enemies, both inside and outside the Court, that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, "the Austrian," as she was called contemptuously, should have been among the very few ladies who were not habitual snuff-takers.

It is of some historic interest to discover from the accounts preserved by Messrs. Fribourg & Treyer,




AN ORDER FOR SNUFF FROM H.M. QUEEN CHARLOTTE.




AN ORDER FOR SNUFF FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
(KING GEORGE IV).

the King's Tobacconists, that in 1815 Charles Greville, who was Clerk of the Council from 1821 to 1860 and the author of the famous "Memoirs," in 1809 and 1812 the Princesses Charlotte and Elizabeth, and in 1816 Mrs. Fitzherbert, were customers of the firm. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., was an inveterate snuff-taker, since her account extends from 1799 to April 1818; her devotion to this practice made snuff-taking, from being the habit of a limited circle, generally popular in England. It would be quite a usual sight to observe Her Majesty walk along the Terrace of Windsor Castle and take with finger and thumb such huge doses of snuff from her bejewelled box, as entirely to "cover the royal nose within and without." It gives a shock to romance to learn that the young and beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, whose portrait by Romney sold to an American collector, formed the subject of a sharp controversy in 1929 as to its authenticity, became in her old age an inveterate snuff-taker.

The old ladies of the Regency used to be addicted to snuff-taking, "when," as a wit of the time cruelly remarked, "no man any longer wanted to kiss them." The then Duchess of Manchester, who was living in Berkeley Square at the time, was a great user of snuff of the strongest quality. When, having offered a young guest a pinch of her special brand, he continued to sneeze for quite a long time after, the Duchess exclaimed enviously: "How happy I should be if snuff could have the same effect on *my* nose!"

George IV., both before and after ascending the throne, is said to have disliked snuff, although, in

accordance with the fashion, he always carried a snuff-box, but whenever he could do so unperceived he would let the snuff slip from his fingers to the ground; his account for snuff extended from 1800 until his death in 1830.

The amount of regard the Regent might have for any particular individual could be gauged from the way in which he would offer or refuse a pinch of snuff, and this indication of personal regard between men and women was quickly copied. At officers' messes large snuff-boxes would be provided, from which those present could help themselves.

Many stories have been put in circulation as to the origin of the violent dislike, following on exuberant affection, which the Regent took to Beau Brummell; the "bell," "fat friend" and "Mrs. Herbert" stories have all been quoted, with more or less conviction and circumstance, so that a fourth version may not come amiss:—

One evening there was a large party at the Pavilion at Brighton, at which the Bishop of Winchester, a particular friend of the Regent, was present—the Bishop, seeing the Beau's snuff-box on the table, picked it up, and helped himself to a pinch of snuff, whereupon Brummell instructed a servant in a loud voice "to throw the snuff into the fire, or on the floor." The Regent, incensed at such an insult being offered to an honoured guest, sought an early opportunity for a serious quarrel with his favourite, preliminary to the final rupture.

I was interested to gather from a note in the *Evening Standard* of the 5th October, 1928, that that "Grand Old Man" the Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor,

M.P., whom all the world knows and admires as "Tay Pay," always carries a full snuff-box, without which he would feel perfectly miserable; the writer added, "Not long ago I met 'T.P.' at a garden party in Berkshire; he was snuffless, and therefore miserable. None of his fellow-guests had a supply; the village general shop did not stock it. I believe a car was sent by the host into the neighbouring market town, for after an hour or so the veteran politician was all smiles—and 'snuffing' vigorously."

It is certainly a fact that snuff has enabled many when on the point of exhaustion, owing to its stimulating qualities, to resume and complete their task —such was the case at the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men, on the point of collapse, were able, after a pinch of snuff, to pull themselves together and go forward. It is also undeniable that regular snuff-takers are long-lived, whereas the smoking of tobacco, particularly in excess, tends to shorten life by hardening the arteries; there is no record in history of any one dying from taking snuff.

How snuff-taking became connected with the history of the earliest theatre at Richmond, Surrey, which was known as "Mr. Penkethman's Venture," and so often amusingly referred to in Addison's *Spectator*, forms an interesting chapter in domestic history. Mr. Penkethman opened his place of entertainment on the 6th June, 1719, with a droll prologue referring to the fact that the building had been originally "a stable for asses." But it failed, and remained closed until, in 1756, Theophilus Cibber, son of Colley Cibber, the actor, and the "complais-

ant'' husband of Mrs. Cibber, the actress, inserted the following advertisement in the *General Advertiser:*—

"Cibber & Co., snuff merchants, sell at their warehouse at Richmond Hill most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities (in an evening particularly), will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off all ill-humours, dissipate the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding. Mr. Cibber has also opened at the aforesaid warehouse (late called the Theatre) on the hill, an histrionic academy for instructing young persons of genius in the art of acting, etc."

This mixture of acting and snuff-taking was surely classic, and characteristic of Theophilus Cibber, the best "Pistol" ever seen on the stage, and the original "George Barnwell"; he was drowned in crossing the Irish Sea.

## CHAPTER XIII.

# MONEY-LENDERS AND JEWELLERS.

"To lose money ill is indeed often a crime; but to get it ill is a worse one, and to expend it ill worst of all."
—Ruskin, "Crown of Wild Olive."

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"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend."
—Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

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THAT money-lenders and brokers were not held in high esteem by our ancestors would appear from a passage in a satirical black-letter tract of the fifteenth century:—

"Likewise, we mark well all brokers to be knaves by letters patent; and usurers, for five marks a-piece, shall lawfully be buried in the chancel, though they have bequeathed their souls and bodies to the devil."

The anxieties, restraints, and restrictions which a great war always imposes on a population, find, at its conclusion, their invariable reaction in gambling and all kinds of extravagance as a natural resultant. Such a reaction gives to the professional money-lender an opportunity which he will never fail to seize, and the year 1815 and the years immediately following proved no exception to this unchanging

rule. The professional money-lender came well to the fore after Waterloo and reaped a rich reward—the money-lender was not then, any more than he is now, always a Jew—far from it. Two of the outstanding types of the species of the period following Waterloo were King, known as "Jew King" and Solomon. King was a money-lender who, when he lived in his finely-appointed mansion off Piccadilly, liked to play the art patron and to give entertainments which some of the most prominent social personages of the age did not hesitate to attend, sometimes, it must be said, from policy or with an eye to favours to come. Many amusing incidents would happen at these receptions and entertainments when men, who had hesitated to accept an invitation lest their highly-placed friends should happen to hear of their attendance, would encounter those very same friends there, of whose sound financial position no doubt had, hitherto, dared to enter their minds! His dinners, thanks to the retention of a famous chef, were the last word in perfection, and many an innocent "fly," tempted to enter the "spider's parlour," would discover, when too late, that the cost of the exquisite dinner would be insinuated in another form in a bill of acceptance which he had signed! Some years later, on retiring from active business, King leased Craven Cottage, near Bishop's Park, Fulham, demolished in 1888, which also became famous as the residence of Bulwer Lytton in 1840 and of the later Napoleon III. after his escape from the prison of Ham. It was in this cottage that King continued to give some of the most princely entertainments in London. Sheridan, who

was always in debt, told him that he "liked his dinners better than his multiplication table," to which King, never at a loss for a witty retort, replied: "I know, Mr. Sheridan, your taste is more for joking, than for Joe King"—an allusion to the fine performance being given by the actor King in Sheridan's "School for Scandal." This reminds me of an anecdote which may be little-known: One night, or rather morning, Sheridan and Grubb, after drinking very hard at the Piazza Coffee House in Covent Garden, in attempting to walk home, fell both down, and were unable to rise again. After some time Grubb said, "Come, Sherry, g-g-get up." "Lie still, you fool," said Sheridan, "and the watchman will come and take us both up."

One day, as Mrs. King was taking the air in Hyde Park in her gorgeously-equipped carriage, an onlooker caustically observed that "the turn-out was a work of refined taste and quite worthy of a man of so much principal and interest."

Brummell always had a ready wit and on being informed that a certain peer, whose "paper" was considerably in the hands of King, had been thrown from his horse, but picked up by Mr. and Mrs. King and conveyed to their house, remarked: "It was only a Bill Jewly (duly) taken up and honoured."

The reason why King ultimately lost much of his social prestige and found himself "cut" by many who had at one time been glad of his hospitality, is said to have been caused by a Society lady who, anxious for a good and remunerative investment, had handed to King £1,000 in return for a guaranteed 15 per cent. on the money. One day her son, ignor-

ant of the arrangement, applied to King for a loan of £1,000, for which the money-lender charged him 80 per cent. When his mother heard of this, she went to King and, after a lively scene, demanded the return of her money. King declared that he had never undertaken to repay the principal, but only to pay the interest of 15 per cent.—he even went so far as to taunt her with the fact that, as the money was not hers, but her husband's—there was no Married Woman's Property Act in those days—she had broken the Law! He defied her, therefore, to take any legal steps against him. But she was a woman of spirit and told her husband, who forgave her and forced King to refund the £1,000, plus interest and the costs incurred in the proceedings, and also to cancel his son's contract at 80 per cent.

An entirely different type of money-lender was Solomon, who loved "underground" methods that could be more readily hidden from the glaring light of publicity; to effect this, he would do business with his clients under numerous aliases and from different addresses, his clerks acting as the ostensible principals, and compelled to take all the unpleasantness in case of a disturbance from an angry client. Solomon's favourite method was to advance money to tradesmen who, although making large profits, had to grant their aristocratic customers long credits, any losses resulting being made good by the time-honoured custom of increasing the prices of the goods purchased to those who paid promptly.

It was customary at the period under review for jewellers to advance loans to their customers on such jewellery as might be only required to be worn on

special occasions,only a small interest being charged for such temporary accommodation. Hamlet, a noted jeweller of the time, with his shop in Cranborne Alley, would find this kind of business to be a profitable side-line to his regular business. All would have been well with his worldly affairs, had he not, overcome by ambition and a desire for social advancement, listened to the hints of a prospective title, if he "obliged a certain highly-placed personage"—in this case, the then Duke of York, to whom he advanced an enormous sum on the security of some mining properties in Nova Scotia; after working them experimentally for some time, his losses on these non-productive "mines" assumed such proportions, and entailed so many unforeseen liabilities, that his great fortune melted away like snow under the sun's rays, and he became a bankrupt, dying eventually as the inmate of an alms-house.

When, in his distress, he applied for help to some of his former clients and business associates, he was met with the retort: "That would not be business!" a phrase which he had himself often used towards some former, but no longer profitable, customer.

One of the most remunerative branches of his calling as a jeweller had consisted in selling to the infatuated "gilded youth" of the period, who disposed of "expectations," on long credit, jewels at vastly enhanced prices, which ornaments these youngsters would present to their latest attachment, usually a stage dancer, who would then promptly re-sell the bauble to Hamlet at less than half the original figure demanded from the purchaser—it has been stated that more than one such jewel would be

sold and re-purchased and sold again to customers of this type, occasional changes in the "setting" being introduced to avoid a possible recognition by one of the victims of these sharp practices.

One day, knowing the great desire which the banker Coutts always had to please his wife, the former Miss Mellon, the actress, and later Duchess of St. Albans, Hamlet appeared at No. 1 Stratton Street, Piccadilly, with a magnificent diamond cross, which excited the lady's unbounded admiration: "How happy I should be with such a splendid specimen of jewellery!" "What is it worth?" asked the devoted husband. "I could not allow it to pass out of my possession for less than £15,000," was the astute tradesman's reply who had on the instant doubled the price. The banker at once drew a cheque for the amount and placed the cross upon the bosom of his beloved lady, this action reminding of the famous lines:—

> "Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore."

Miss Mellon had first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in 1795, as "Lydia Languish;" she married Mr. Coutts in 1815 and made her last appearance at Drury Lane as "Audrey." The bulk of her fortune she left to Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts. The *Morning Herald* of the time estimated her gold at thirteen tons or one hundred and seven flour-sacks full. Coutts himself died in 1822. According to Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson's "Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans" (1840), Coutts was a pallid, sickly, thin old gentleman, who wore a shabby coat and a

brown scratch-wig. The story goes that a kind-hearted gentleman once stopped him in the street and offered him a guinea, which the banker declined with warmest thanks, saying that "he was in no immediate want!" This bank had been founded originally by George Middleton; until Coutts's time it stood near St. Martin's Church. Among its famous customers were John Gay, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington and last, not least, Sir Thomas Picton, whose account only lasted eight days, since he was killed at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815. This famous bank has been the banker of the Royal Family since the time of Queen Anne.

Here is one more story connected with Hamlet: A young Earl, still under age, desiring to present to the temporary lady of his affections, a French dancer, on the strength of his "expectations," jewels to the tune of £30,000, obtained them from Hamlet on his usual system of long credit. The lady, satisfied with this and the proceeds of other *affaires de coeur*, which a wit of the time rendered as *affaires de cuir*, in allusion to her admirers' leather pocket-books, disappeared from London, and purchased for herself a fine estate near Paris where, after changing her name and identity, she became a social leader—if her "past" was suspected by some, they remained discreetly silent in consideration of her wealth, social influence and brilliant entertainments.

## CHAPTER XIV.

# THE PRINCE REGENT
# (THE LATER GEORGE IV.).

"Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest."—Bacon, "Essays."

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"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."
—Tennyson, "Idylls of the King."

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MUCH has been written about the man who died in 1830 as King George IV. of England, much that was untrue or grossly exaggerated, or inspired purely by partisan hatred or disappointed ambition. Charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, but to the son of George III. this privilege has been largely denied. His faults were many, but they were in some instances due to circumstances and a foolish upbringing, over which he had had no control; he would have been more than human, had he succeeded in escaping from the artificial Court atmosphere in which he had been reared and from the crowd of self-seeking flatterers and place-hunters by whom he saw himself surrounded

from early youth, when he was regarded as the handsomest prince of the age and temperamentally peculiarly susceptible to feminine influence. In playing the temporary lover, as, for instance, in the case of the "Exquisite Perdita" Robinson, he was only following the manners of his time, and to his credit must be recorded that when the inevitable end to this kind of irregular relationship arrived, he did not cast her forth destitute, but at the instance, it was said, of Charles James Fox, granted her a life pension of £500 a year for her own support and £250 a year for her child by her husband, Mr. Robinson—instances of such voluntary generosity are sufficiently rare in real life to merit special recognition. Nevertheless, poor "Perdita" had to realize the agonizing truth of the words from "The Way to Keep Him":

> "To win a man, when all your arts succeed,
> The way to keep him, is a task indeed!"

Mention of "Perdita" Robinson serves to remind me that her daughter Priscilla became Lady Tarleton by her marriage with General Sir Banastre Tarleton (1754-1833), who had helped to capture New York during the American War of Independence, and defeated Lafayette near Jamestown in 1781. She had been adopted by Lord and Lady Cholmondeley and became thereby a person of some social importance.

And yet there was one real and lasting affection that came into the Regent's wayward life in the person of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he undoubtedly married, either at her house in Park Lane in 1785 or at Carlton House in 1786, however much the Royal

Marriage Act, then already in force, might have denied her legal recognition. Some of the happiest times in Mrs. Fitzherbert's life were spent at East End House, on the east side of Parson's Green, Fulham, spelt "P'sonsgrene" in the Court Rolls of 1391; this house was pulled down in 1884—it had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Encumbered with debts of his own making, pressed for payment on all sides by rapacious creditors who demanded their pound of flesh, persecuted and persuaded into contracting an advantageous dynastic marriage, he saw himself compelled to repudiate the one woman who had ever held his heart, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and ally himself matrimonially with one of the ugliest princesses in Europe; even her reputed dowry of one million pounds sterling, with William Pitt as contractor and marriage broker, had failed to make the swallowing of the gilded pill agreeable to the Prince's palate. That from such a commercial bargain—the prospect of a Crown in return for a dowry—only misery for both parties to the contract could result, was self-evident. The general public, knowing nothing of the clashing of two individuals of entirely opposite tastes and inclinations, yet bound together by an unbreakable bond, and moreover, not having to live with either, an important consideration, sided, of course, with the woman; this was not done so much from motives of of chivalry to the feminine partner than, as Captain Gronow, a chronicler of the time, observes, as the result of a political movement started by the Whigs, whom the Prince, on becoming Regent in 1811, had abandoned for the more congenial Tories, a party

which inspired him with greater confidence at a time when Europe was shaken to its foundations and fresh troubles with America were looming on the horizon, and no man could tell what a day might bring forth.* In lieu of the support which he had the right to expect from patriotic men at such a critical time in the history of the country, he was mercilessly assailed and criticised; his domestic relations and his outside associations provided his enemies with ample ammunition, since discretion was not his strong point; he was good-natured to excess and, as already mentioned, easily influenced, in especial by the fair sex with axes of its own to grind, and this amiable disposition brought him a peck of troubles, as in the case of that "Merrie Monarch," Charles II. He gave great umbrage to members of some of the oldest and most renowned families in England, by preferring to their exclusive and, for him, boring society that of his valet or favourite tradesman, or of a Beau Brummell; bitter enmities and carefully planned attacks on his personal habits were the natural result.

When he chose, the Prince could be well-bred enough, especially in his intercourse with a person he liked, and it was his social bearing, and not his moral conduct, which earned for him the *sobriquet* of the "First Gentleman in Europe."

Yet he could be, on occasion, of an insufferable rudeness in public, particularly if he should happen

*A link with the past was broken by the death of Miss Emma Perceval in August, 1929; she was the granddaughter of Spencer Perceval, the Tory Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham in the House of Commons in 1812.

to observe any breach of the severe rules of etiquette which, under the inspiration of Beau Brummell, he had laid down for the guidance of Society. There is, for instance, the story of an invited English guest just arrived from Paris, who was attending a reception, at which the Regent was present. This gentleman was dressed in the then prevailing Parisian fashion, namely, in white neckcloth, waistcoat, black trousers, shoes and silk stockings. He had only just commenced a conversation with a lady guest, when an officer approached him and observed in a voice loud enough for all to hear: "The Prince is very much surprised that you should have ventured to appear in his presence without knee-breeches. He considers it as a want of proper respect to him." The guest left at once in high dudgeon, only to find, at another reception, about a month later, that the Regent now wore the identical kind of costume which he had previously condemned; it appears that Brummell had in the meantime discovered from Paris that the guest's censored costume was the "correct thing to wear" at the beginning of 1816, so that, in spite of her downfall, France still retained her influence in matters of dress, if in nothing else just then.

Here are two amusing anecdotes which illustrate the value which the Regent placed upon "correct" as distinct from "moral" conduct: One day the Earl of Barrymore, a notorious gambler and practical joker, on calling at Carlton House, placed his hat on a chair, an act which drew from the Prince the sarcastic comment: "My lord, a well-bred man places his hat under his arm on entering a room, and

on his head when out of doors."

Even his favourite Brummell, to his chagrin, did not escape censure when, calling one day upon Mrs. Fitzherbert at 6 Tilney Street, Hyde Park, and finding the Prince there, he, after taking a pinch of snuff, placed the box on a small table near His Royal Highness, who thereupon exclaimed: "Mr. Brummell, the place for your box is in your pocket, and not on the table," One must admit that, in this instance at least, the Prince was in the right.

Mention of Mrs. Fitzherbert recalls an amusing story told by Lady Shelley, respecting a call made by her husband, Sir John Shelley, upon the Regent:

On one occasion, when Sir John entered the room, he saw the Prince kneeling at the feet of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in an attitude of prayer or devotion. This attitude, taking into consideration the Prince's broad form, made Shelley burst out laughing and give the royal posterior a vigorous push, which caused His Royal Highness to fly sprawling at the lady's feet. The Prince swore a fearful oath—and he could swear on occasion—and would have attacked Shelley, if he had not retreated in time—the matter was later hushed up and apparent peace restored.

Yet despite his affectations,foibles and mannerisms the Regent was no weakling in a crisis and knew when to act firmly and to give full support to his ministers. The ending of the wars with Napoleon and America had brought about the disbanding of a very large number of men for whom no immediate work was available, and the hungry man is always dangerous, as Henry George asserted in his book "Progress and Poverty," published in the 'eighties

of the last century, when he maintained that a man must eat at least once in twenty-four hours, honestly, if he can, but he must eat.

Yet, however one may justifiably sympathise with men in such a pathetic plight, it cannot serve as an excuse for attempts at revolution. As always happens in times of trade depression, professional agitators were quick to exploit the misery of their fellow-men for their own selfish ends in 1816, in the year following the battle of Waterloo, when revolutionary elements, led by some notorious troublemakers, attempted, under the transparent pretext of making a petition to the Regent, to create a riot in Spafields. The Government, however, urged by the Regent, acted with commendable swiftness: Troops and guns were thrown into Spafields Prison, which in a few hours became an impregnable fortress; when the thousands of potential rioters arrived outside the appointed place of demonstration, they found themselves looking into the muzzles of many guns peeping out at them from holes drilled in the walls of the building. Two of the "leaders" mounted upon a cart as a platform and began to harangue the mob, receiving its unthinking applause for the absurd remedies proposed by them for the very real evils existing. After a few minutes, however, these "heroes," to the no small surprise of their supporters, were seen to descend from their improvised platforms and vanish in the crowd; they had been informed that if the least attempt were made to attack the prison, the soldiers had received orders to "pick off" the leaders from their exposed position at the very first hostile movement from the

mob. The duped would-be rioters, now left to themselves, made haste to disperse with all celerity. There is no doubt that this firm handling of the situation saved the country from a possible repetition of the outside scene at the Paris Bastille of 1789.

This incident serves to remind us how the Regent succeeded in steering England safely out of her political troubles and in leaving the country better able to face the dark-looming problems of the future than he had found it when called upon, under particularly onerous conditions, to assume the Regency on behalf of a mentally afflicted king!

At this period, which may be fitly described as the "Waterloo Period," Carlton House was and, in fact, remained until its demolition in 1826-27, the planet around which revolved, like satellites, all the statesmen, wits, literary giants, the beaux and belles, whose names should happen to be inscribed in the "good books" of the Regent and later King. The principal entrance to this architecturally unlovely palace, with its array of columns and its colonnade, was in Pall Mall; its beautiful and extensive gardens, originally designed by Kent, with their fine greensward, stately trees more than two centuries old, and beds of choicest flowers, were said to have had not their equal in Europe.

It was here, amid these delightful surroundings, that had taken place some years earlier, to wit, in 1813, an exquisite open-air fête in celebration of Wellington's Peninsula victory at Vittoria, on June 21st, from which one might, perhaps, date the rapid decline of Napoleon's star, coming after the Russian disaster, since Wellington compelled him to retain in

Spain a large number of troops which he needed desperately elsewhere—but for this, Napoleon might have proved victorious in the battle of Leipzig, known as the "Battle of the Nations," which prognosticated the early collapse of his power.

Despite his many faults, the Prince Regent was no fool and may be said to have "sensed" the importance of this victory as an index to coming events. Hence he had arranged this entertainment and fixed the hour for its commencement for 3 p.m., to meet the general convenience and to secure the largest possible attendance, so that it partook almost of the character of a political demonstration against France.

Here, at this hour, all the social world and his wife came together, the men wearing knee-breeches and buckles, the ladies displaying their ample charms to the full, enhanced, if this were possible, by their wonderful jewels. It was said that in its exotic brilliance, this fête had, until then, never been equalled, let alone surpassed, even by the once so famous fêtes of Versailles under Louis XV. The hundreds of invitations had been issued only after the most careful scrutiny, a precaution not always observed at Carlton House on similar occasions, but as this fête was also to be the "coming-out" event for Princess Charlotte of Wales, who had been born in Carlton House, greater discretion was considered imperative. All eyes were fixed upon her, and upon the Prince Regent, with the Queen-Mother, wife of George III., upon his arm, as they entered the gardens. Little did they dream of the tragic fate that would overtake this charming

girl so very few years later, an event which caused W. Lewis to write the following lines to her memory:—

"I'll tell them that this simple wreath
I fain would cast on that dear tomb,
Where silent beauty rests beneath,
And Virtue weeps her faded bloom."

She has been described by contemporary writers as a girl of more than ordinary attractiveness, with regular features, a fair complexion, heightened by the rich bloom of youthful beauty, with blue and expressive eyes, and abundant light brown hair merging into the golden, such as one may find in mediaeval Italian paintings of the Madonna. Her figure was well-developed and above the ordinary height of the women of her time. In manner she was simple and good-natured, in the latter quality greatly resembling her father, the Regent; she possessed the uncommon quality of inspiring admiration and securing affection from the humblest. But though so good-natured ordinarily, she was by no means weak, and could on occasion display a temper which might be described as "warm." Her prelate-tutor having had some difficulty over this with her, had presented her with an essay "On the Government of the Passion of Anger." One day, at the very moment when she was rating most soundly one of her woman attendants for neglect of a duty, the prelate happened to enter the room: "I fear you have not read the book I gave you, Madam, the other day!" The Princess, placing a curb upon her tongue, replied: "Yes, indeed, Sir,

I have; and had I not, I am sure I should have knocked her down!" She was then only fourteen years of age.

There is a charming anecdote extant which displays the intense affection which Princess Charlotte had for her mother. It happened that when her mother, as Princess of Wales, was visiting Naples, during the time that Murat, one of Napoleon's generals, reigned as King there, she expressed to him a desire to see some of the excavations then in progress in Pompeii. Murat at once ordered some workmen to dig for some article that might please her fancy; after some time a curious and valuable ring was discovered which Murat personally placed upon her finger. The novelty having worn off, the Princess of Wales gave the ring to one of her ladies-in-waiting, Lady Charlotte Campbell who, on returning to England, told Princess Charlotte how the ring had come into her possession. The Princess, thereupon, entreated Lady Campbell to let her have it, so that, as long as she lived, she might never part from it, a request which was granted without demur.

There is also the curious story, which may be regarded as authentic, as it was told by a contemporary in close touch with the Court, that the Princess of Wales, the wife of the Regent, no doubt with good reason, suspected her servants of being in the pay of the . . . (no doubt the Regent was meant), to spy upon her actions and movements; she would order them from the room, as soon as the dishes were placed upon the table. To avoid the necessity of again admitting the domestics,

each guest would be provided with a dumb waiter at the side, holding everything that he might require!

The continual and increasing attacks from his enemies, particularly in the matter of his matrimonial difficulties and his consequent rising unpopularity, caused the Regent, now King, to withdraw more and more from the public gaze; he retired with his boon companions to Carlton House, and with greater frequency to the Pavilion at Brighton, which watering-place, mindful of how much it owed to his presence and patronage, had the unusual gratitude to erect in 1828, and this during his life-time, a statue by Chantrey (1761-1841) in his honour which, first placed on the site of the present war memorial in the Old Steine, was later moved to a spot behind the Royal Pavilion* Mention of this statue reminds me of an amusing anecdote:—

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax works for the million, at a penny each, pointing to a very slim figure, with a theatrical crown on his head. "I thought he was a very stout man?" observed a spectator. "Werry likely," replied the man shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor, "but if you'd a been here without wittles half as long as he has, you'd a got as thin."

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*From information supplied to me by Mr. Jas. H. Rothwell, C.B.E., Town Clerk of Brighton, Sussex, it appears that "the subscription price agreed to be paid to Chantry was £3,000, but although it is said to have cost the sculptor nearly double that amount, he declined to accept more than the stipulated fee. A replica of this statue in marble is at the foot of the staircase leading to the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor."

But though the Pavilion still stood in its old place, there was no longer the former brilliance as in the days when Beau Brummell had been a leading figure in the charmed circle. There were now other men, such as Lord Conyngham, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Lord Hertford and some others of the same kidney. Among the women guests his favourite was now the lovely Marchioness of Conyngham, of whom he once said that "her wit surpassed that of any other of his friends, male or female."

His charming manners would, however, often disappear when in his cups or after unusually heavy losses at the gaming table. One evening at the Pavilion, when the guests, all men, were seated round a table and engaged in the congenial occupation of showing which of them could absorb the greatest quantity of wine, the Regent, suddenly seizing a well-filled glass, dashed its contents into the face of his neighbour, with the command, "pass it round," an order which all obeyed in the same manner, until it came to the turn of the man seated to the left of the Regent—a moment's hesitation, and the contents of the wine-glass found lodgment in the eyes of the host who, after giving a wry smile, carefully wiped his face, but, it is said, never forgave the man who had carried out his command too literally. The Regent had also, when inebriated, a habit of becoming vainglorious; he once boasted at Carlton House to Wellington, who was one of the guests that night, how he, the Regent, had charged the French and completely defeated Ney's cavalry at Waterloo. This was a little too much for the Duke who, until then, had listened grimly,

but patiently, to the Regent's drunken vapourings· "I have heard you say so, Sir, before, but I did not witness this marvellous charge. Your Royal Highness must know that the French cavalry are the best in Europe." This reply provoked a listener to ask him whether he "had had a good view of the battle of Waterloo," to which Wellington answered crushingly: "I generally like to see what I am about."

There was a time when the Regent and Sheridan had been good friends, as appears from an anecdote which was published in a journal of the middle of the last century:—

"One day Sheridan, politician, playwriter, and fine gentleman, was walking down Bond-street arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York—not of the present generation, *bien entendu*. He had just been recounting to them an amusing story of the way in which he had got rid of an importunate dun, and the Prince, afterwards George IV., after a fit of laughter, said: ' 'Pon my word, Sherry, I don't know whether you're more fool than knave.' 'Between the two, Your Royal Highness,' was the reply."

An amusing anecdote tells of a yokel and the Regent:—

"A country yokel was always boasting, 'I tarked with Prince Jarge, I did. The Prince Regent, he tarked to me.' One day, a stranger, impelled by curiosity, asked him, 'Well, my friend, what did Prince George say to you?' The countryman's eyes flashed, and his breast swelled with pride. 'Yew see, 'twas like this, measter,' he replied. 'One day I was warkin' along a lane, and I turned a corner sharp like. All of a sudden I come across Prince Jarge and some

grand gents out riding along. I was that 'mazed I stood lookin' at 'em, and blocked the way like. Then Prince Jarge said to me, 'Get out of the way, you — scoundrel, will you!' Oh, yes, Prince Jarge, he tarked to me.' ''

Mr. Edmund Parker, in the Strand Magazine many years ago related the following entertaining story of George IV., when Prince Regent:—

''That Prince took his responsibilities lightly, and on one occasion is said to have bet Sheridan a hundred guineas that, either owing to the magnetism of his personality or the flutter which the occupants of the Lords' Chamber were in, so little attention was really paid to the verbal character of the Speech he was delivering that he could make any interpellation he liked, undetected. The bet was taken, and the Prince Regent agreed to introduce the words 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' in the middle of the Speech. 'If anybody smiles or looks startled, I lose my bet.' This daring and ridiculous exploit actually came off, and at the close of a weighty allusion, composed by Lord Liverpool, to Wellesley's difficulties in Spain, the Regent cleared his throat and said, 'Baa, baa, black sheep' hurriedly, and went on, without apparently exciting any remark. Sheridan related the Royal audacity to Canning. 'It is perfectly amazing to me,' he said, 'that no notice was taken. Didn't you hear him distinctly say, ''Baa, baa, black sheep''?' 'I did,' rejoined Canning; 'but as his Royal Highness looked you full in the face at the time, I took it as a personal allusion, and my delicacy forbade me to think more about it.' ''

How the Regent inspired the improvements of London between 1812 and 1830, which may be said to have laid the foundation of the health of our modern city, can be gathered from the words in James Elmes's ''Metropolitan Improvements,'' (London, 1827):—

"Augustus made it one of his proudest boasts, that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. The reign and regency of George the Fourth have scarcely done less for the vast and increasing Metropolis of the British empire by increasing its magnificence and its comforts; by forming healthy streets and elegant buildings, instead of pestilential alleys and squalid hovels; by substituting rich and varied architecture and park-like scenery, for paltry cabins and monotonous cow-lairs; by making solid roads and public ways, scarcely inferior to those of ancient Rome, which have connected the extremest points of the empire, and have brought its provinces and seaports many days' journey nearer to the Metropolis, instead of the miry roads through which our respected ancestors ploughed their weary ways, from London to Bath, 'by the blessing of God, in four days.'"

In conclusion, one must remember, to the credit of the later George IV., that during his reign was passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, surely one of the greatest victories for freedom of conscience of all time. The centenary of the passing of this Act was celebrated by Roman Catholics in 1929.

## CHAPTER XV.

## BEAU BRUMMELL.

"A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well, so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress."—Carlyle.

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WHEN George Bryan Brummell appeared suddenly upon the social horizon and was projected into the most exclusive circles, conjectures as to his origin naturally became rife; certainly, according to the standards then obtaining, he was not entitled to such a commanding position as he ultimately attained—his grandfather, it was stated openly, had at one time let lodgings in Bury Street, and his father had occupied the post of a steward of one or more large estates. In addition, his aunt, a Mrs. Searle, had been appointed by George III. as gate-keeper at the entrance to the Green Park, opposite Clarges Street; her small cottage stood not far from the former reservoir, where she lived with another lady of similar age. The story goes that one day, when George had called upon his aunt on his leaving

Eton, the Prince of Wales happened to call at the cottage and attracted by the young man's nice manners, got into conversation with him; on leaving, the Prince remarked: "As I find you intend to be a soldier, I will give you a commission in my own regiment." It was on his occasional visits to London during school holidays that he would be entertained by a rich lady who lived in a villa at Kilburn; it was on one of these visits that, having "stuffed" not wisely, but too well, Brummell shed tears of vexation because his stomach was incapable of holding any more plum-cake!

After entering the tenth Hussars, Brummell found himself stationed at Brighton—his military career was, however, of short duration, since, hating any form of restraint, he early resigned the commission he had received from the Prince, at least, this was the reason generally assigned for this step, but as he had had the misfortune, at a military review, to be thrown from his horse and break his handsome nose, one may surmise another reason for his resignation. This accident did not, however, diminish his popularity with the Prince or with that section of society which, to him, alone "mattered."

Brummell's selfishness, or rather snobbishness, may be gauged from the fact that after his social rise he quite neglected his aunt who had, indirectly, been the cause of his success in life. She complained of this one day to a friend: "As soon as he began to mix in Society with the Prince, his visits to me became less and less frequent, and now he hardly ever calls to see his old aunt."

Whilst a student at Eton, he showed how far-seeing he could be in advancing his own interests; he would strive by every means in his power to become popular with the sons of influential families —he had no particular use for people who could not further his ambitions. His pronounced social qualities could not fail to reach the ears of those who were regarded as the Leaders of Society. He had the good fortune to enlist the interest of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, whose word was law—she invited him to one of her exclusive balls, where he became a great favourite with the ladies, even staid dowagers finding themselves unable to resist his fascination; invitations to routs and receptions followed quickly after this, and the Prince's undisguised favour completed his conquest.

It was the new form of dress which he introduced in his desire to bring some artistry into the often hideous male fashions of the period which not only established his fame as the leading dandy, but also made him hosts of enemies, who accused him openly of extreme foppishness, because he had had the courage and imagination to adopt an individuality all his own, in lieu of following the conventional beaten track of the time. Yet it is doubtful whether, without the powerful support of the Prince and the adaptability of Mr. Weston, the famous tailor of Bond Street, his efforts at dress reform would have been crowned with success. Weston, wise in his generation, had the wit to see that his truest interests lay, not in telling his customers what, in his opinion, they ought to wear, but in adapting his designs to their individual tastes. Brummell was

noted for his fondness for "clean linen and plenty of it."

But dress did not form the only outlet for his really artistic inclinations, since he could show excellent taste in the choice of his furniture, in his books, in his horses and carriages. Among other treasures, he possessed at one time an album with poems and lines by all the celebrities of his generation.

Had he not, urged on by a keen sense of justice, offended his royal patron by espousing the cause of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince had been compelled, much against his will, to repudiate in favour of a recognized dynastic marriage with Caroline of Brunswick, his influence would have remained undiminished. Another reason, among several, however, for his quarrel with the Prince was said to have been his indignation at seeing his patron abandon Mrs. Fitzherbert in favour of another feminine star who had come within his orbit.*

There are, I find, two different versions of the same story after the rupture: The first, that Brummell and a friend one day encountered the Prince in Piccadilly, when the latter completely ignored Brummell who, nettled thereat, asked his friend, as the Prince was moving away: "Who is your fat friend?" and the second, that after Brummell had been excluded from Carlton House in

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*The Regent broke *publicly* with Mrs. Fitzherbert, though, it is said, remaining her friend in *secret*, at a fête on February 20, 1811, by refusing her at his table any precedence above that to which her own position entitled her.

consequence of having ordered the Prince to ring the bell, and the appearing footman being instructed to call "Mr. Brummell's carriage," he was apparently restored to favour as a result of winning £20,000 from Mr. Drummond at White's. Brummell once again crossed the threshold of Carlton House; whether his joy at this sudden return to favour turned his head, is not known, but he was led on to drink deeply that night, so much so that the Regent was heard to remark to his brother: "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage, before he gets quite drunk," and rang the bell for the footman—Brummell, suddenly sobered, saw the trap into which he had fallen; the Regent was believed to have prepared this culminating humiliation for the Beau in revenge for the insult which his former favourite had put upon him some time before at a dinner party when, turning to a lady beside him, Brummell, referring to the Prince, who was seated on her other side, had asked her, in a loud voice: "Who is your fat friend?" This is supposed to be the truth about the "bell" story.

Whatever may have been the cause of Brummell's downfall, there could be no doubt as to the cause of his financial collapse—it could be summed up in one word, "Solomon." This was the noted money-lender, who refused any longer to help him out of the difficulties into which his gambling habits had plunged him. When some still loyal friends of the fallen idol had observed at White's that if Brummell had not bolted in a panic to the Continent, something might still have been done for him, Lord Alvanley remarked very wittily: "He has

done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment."

On another occasion Alvanley observed: "Brummell was the only Dandelion that flourished year after year in the hot-bed of the fashionable world. He had taken root. Lions were generally annual, but Brummell was perennial."

If Brummell failed to win the sums necessary for his gambling propensities by an occasional stroke of luck, he would, whenever the money-lenders failed him, have recourse to his friends for "loans," which they were supposed to grant to a person of his social eminence as a special distinction, the acceptance of which was an honour *conferred*, which released him from the usual obligation of repayment; there were many who were prepared to do this in return for his patronage, but there were also others, whose social position being quite assured, would decline such an *honour*. Among these was Scrope Davies who, on receiving from Brummell the following written request:—

"My dear Scrope—Lend me £500 for a few days; the funds are shut for the dividends, or I would not have made this request.

G. Brummell,"

replied in just fourteen words: "My dear Brummell —All my money is locked up in the funds. Scrope Davies."

A few days later, to wit, on the 16th May, 1816, Brummell crossed the Channel, never to return, as he died in a French lunatic asylum in 1840, at the age of sixty-two. One may wonder whether Davies had had any inkling of Brummell's intention?

The anecdotes and stories which grew up around Beau Brummell would fill a library. Here are a few of the lesser-known:—

When somebody asked him where he was going to dine the next day, he replied that he did not know: "They put me in my coach and take me somewhere."

He once declared that though a certain fashionable tailor mentioned to him could "make a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar," his own tailor alone "could achieve a good collar."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," remarked a sympathizing friend. "Why, do you know," replied the Beau, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, my infidel valet put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he pretended to struggle for recollection: "Port? Port?—oh, port! —oh, aye; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drank by the lower orders?"

A beggar once asked him for a coin, "even if it was only a farthing;" "Fellow," replied Brummell, disdainfully, "I don't know the coin."

Having on a certain occasion thought himself invited to a country house, and being informed, after staying one night, that he was mistaken, he reported to a friend in town, who wanted the know the kind of place Lord M.'s house was, that it was "an exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

When endeavouring to describe a man in the most contemptuous way possible to him, Brummell said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

Upon being unceremoniously affronted by a Royal personage, who had no need of Brummell's patronage, the Beau exclaimed: "By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old George into fashion."

I will conclude with a story from the "Dictionary of National Biography," that on one occasion the Prince "began to blubber when told that Brummell did not like the cut of his coat." This incident is said to have occurred at No. 4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, in 1810, where Brummell lodged and where the Prince used to visit him nearly every day.

## CHAPTER XVI.

# OTHER NOTED WITS AND DANDIES.

"I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment."
—Ben Jonson.

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"Some people seem born with a head in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly seems wanting."
—Southey.

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"Fops take a world of pains,
To prove that bodies may exist *sans* brains."
—Churchill.

---

MANY of the wits and dandies who strutted across their little social stage in 1815 were people whom we should regard nowadays as somewhat odious companions—their bearing and affectations in general would appear to us moderns as grotesque, and their manners even caddish, to say the least. Their chief, in many cases, their only asset was an overbearing insolence which, by trampling the feelings of others under foot, would pass as "wit" and "spirit."

Were it not that there were some outstanding exceptions to this pinch-beck variety of fashionable men and women of the period, one would have to despair of human nature and the refinements of civilization.

Fortunately for the reputation of the early part of the nineteeenth century, there were some notable, genuine wits and dandies who will live in history. We have above all, in addition to the Prince Regent and Beau Brummell, the famous Lord Alvanley (1789-1849), who has been described as "the greatest wit of modern times." Born in 1789, he had attained, by 1815, and deservedly, the name of a really great wit. It was a great misfortune for him that he was the possessor of ample means, whereby he was induced to relinquish a very promising Army career and devote himself to an idle life of pleasure; his talents were so brilliant that, had he chosen, he might, in time, have filled, and this with credit to himself and benefit to the country, some of the highest offices in the State! His visits to France, Russia and several other countries had given him a knowledge of affairs, social and political, sufficiently rare in those days. Moreover, he had the unusual combination of great diplomatic ability, of keen wit and much good nature, and these qualities would have carried him far indeed. His witticisms were never meant to wound and he would, whenever possible, avoid the "barbed shaft" that would lose a friend and make an enemy. He was also a good sportsman and though he might drink deeply at times, he would never degenerate into vulgarity. During his residence in Park Street, St. James's, he would delight in giving dinners of eight guests only, invitations to which were greatly coveted. As a speaker in the House of Lords he was an acquisition to that august Assembly.

His duel on Wimbledon Common with Morgan

O'Connell, the son of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish leader, who had taken his father's place, after the latter's refusal of Alvanley's challenge, for which refusal the wit had threatened the Irishman with a public horse-whipping, having ended in an exchange of harmless shots, Alvanley was heard to remark: "What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be, to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in!"

On presenting the coachman who had brought him home from that encounter with O'Connell, with a guinea, and being thanked with the words: "It's a great deal for only having taken your Lordship to Wimbledon," there came the quick reply: "No, my good man, I give it to you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back!"

Mention of Wimbledon Common reminds me that John Murray II., Byron's friend and publisher, had a small house near the "Crooked Billet." John Murray III. built himself later a house over the other side of Wimbledon, near Wimbledon Park, and lived there for nearly half a century.

When Gunter, the king's pastry-cook,who was an indifferent horseman, found himself at a hunt on a runaway horse, and seeing Alvanley, cried out in passing: "O, my Lord, I can't hold him, he's so hot!" the wit replied: "Ice him, Gunter—ice him!"

His carelessness in money matters served as a natural lure to the sharks who are always ready to fleece the good-natured spendthrift, and when, in spite of his original great fortune, he found himself in difficulties, his loyal friend Charles Greville undertook to straighten out the financial tangle, and

settle with the clamorous and ravenous creditors. His investigation resulted in a credit balance emerging, and Greville was already congratulating himself on having pulled Alvanley out of his troubles, when the latter suddenly remembered a debt of fifty-five thousand pounds which had escaped his memory completely!

He had an uncomfortable habit, when staying at a friend's house, of throwing his bedroom candle on the floor, or putting it, all alight, under his pillow, instead of extinguishing it in the usual way. Hosts would place a servant outside his door on watch, until Alvanley was asleep and all danger from fire removed for that night at least. He died in 1849 of what he declared "was the only complaint fit for a gentleman"—the gout.

Lady Blessington in her literary articles mentions a prank which Alvanley once played at Foley House, Langham Place, demolished in September, 1928. This house, built by James Wyatt some 130 years ago, possessed a fine garden; it had been neglected for many years and its back, looking into Langham Street, would be an offence, is was said, to the eyes of the fastidious nurses of that habitat of nursing homes.

Another dandy of the time, to whom greatness cannot be denied, was Count Alfred d'Orsay, who had acquired already at very tender years a reputation for brilliance not only in London, but also in Paris—a more difficult achievement. In contrast to some of the butterflies whom the French Revolution had thrown up from "below stairs" into higher social circles, d'Orsay belonged to one of the most

distinguished and well-born families of France. His father, General d'Orsay, a great snuff-taker, by the way, and nicknamed "le beau d'Orsay," had been one of the handsomest officers in Napoleon's Army and had attracted particular attention at the battle of Salamanca; his mother was the daughter of the famous Madame Crauford, who would give select parties in Paris in 1815, at which, it was said, the ladies would pretend to be afraid of even *speaking* to a man, as Lady Shelley declares, yet it would be unsafe for any one to make an unexpected call upon these would-be paragons of virtue before 4 p.m., lest one should interrupt most inconveniently a clandestine *tête-à-tête* in her boudoir. The Duke of Wellington liked the company at her lively receptions, and being a man, had no need to be too circumspect in choosing his associates, many of whom, even in that not over-squeamish time, would not have been admitted to the best circles of Paris or London.

Although less than eighteen years of age in 1815, when he was living with his parents in the rue Mont Blanc, re-named later rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in Paris, in the same house in which some years later, Rossini the composer, resided, d'Orsay showed already then those precocious tendencies to extravagance and consequent need of money which were the cause of his ultimate downfall. All his ideas were built on the major scale and his generosity was so great that he would even make an unexpected gift of monies that had been loaned or entrusted to him for safe keeping, quite reckless of possible unpleasant consequences. He has been

LE SUPRÊME BON TON
*Caffé du Jardin des Tuileries.*

described as "a radiant being, full of health, life, spirits, wit and gaiety"—a man who, by his mere presence, would spread joy and happiness around. He had the large ideas of a Louis le Grand without the means of gratifying his generous and artistic tastes. He also possessed an almost fatal gift of attracting to himself men and women of the most diverse dispositions; he was also a fine man at "the ribbons," and few could excel him as a horseman.

He was most particular in his toilet and rather proud of his face and figure. When about to fight a duel with an opponent who was extremely ugly, d'Orsay said to his second: "You know, my dear friend, I am not on a par with my antagonist; he is a very ugly fellow; if I wound him in the face, he won't look much the worse for it—but on my side it ought to be agreed that he should not aim higher than my chest, for if my face should be spoilt, that would be a great pity!"

Once, at Holland House, Kensington, he was seated next to Lady Holland, to whom he was still personally unknown; as he seemed bashful, the lady, to make him talk, dropped her napkin and smilingly asked him to pick it up—Lady Holland, for some reason best known to herself, repeated this manoeuvre several times and d'Orsay obliged as often by picking up the napkin. At last, growing tired, he asked her in French: "Would it not be better, Madame, if I seated myself *under* the table, so that I could pass up your napkin more rapidly?"

Tom Raikes, a well-known man about town, had his face badly marked with small-pox. He once wrote an insulting anonymous letter to d'Orsay and

stamped the wafer with the top of a thimble. On discovering the writer, d'Orsay, before a full company and in the presence of Raikes, remarked: "Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose!"

There were two dandies who attracted considerable attention in those years of anxiety and extravagance, 1814 to 1816. The first was Sir Lumley Skeffington, an aged fop who would affect a great love of the drama and indulge in literary efforts. He had a fancy to dress in imitation of Robespierre, whose very name and memory he detested—why this should have been so, might afford an interesting problem in psychology. He belonged to the old régime, always courtly and deferential to women, hence he was always a welcome guest. Another of his personal peculiarities was an inordinate love of scent, which would herald his advance into a room. That his literary work must have possessed some vogue, is evident from the fact that even Byron considered his play, "The Sleeping Beauty," worthy of reference in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":—

"In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize:
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs,
Nor sleeps with 'sleeping beauties,' but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,

While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
Stares, wond'ring what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud—a venal few—
Rather than sleep, John Bull applauds it too."

Wellesley Pole was the second social butterfly who became noted or, perhaps, notorious would be the better term, for his extravagance and his exquisite dinners at Wanstead. But such entertainments as he gave, would cost a great deal of money: thus it is not surprising to find that the immense fortune, producing an annual income of fifty thousand pounds, which his wife brought him as her dowry, went the way of the spendthrift's portion, so that, in the end,he was only saved from starvation through a compassionate allowance of £300 a year granted to him by his cousin, the Duke of Wellington.

Yes, the year 1815, and also those years immediately preceding and following that great twelvemonth, was a great time—*the* great time—for the men, when there were such social giants as Beau Brummell, the Duke of Argyll, Charles Standish, Edward Montagu, and last, not least, the Prince Regent himself, footing it at "Almack's" or at Carlton House, or meeting in the famous window at White's Club in St. James's Street, then at the height of its fame and influence. It was a time when men could do very much as they pleased: For a dandy or social lion of 1815 to be told that he must not do this or that, would have caused him the same kind of surprise as the Alderman expressed in a well-known light opera, popular at the end of the last century, on being told that he could not order a man to be hanged: "Then what's the good of being

an Alderman, if a man can't do as he likes?"

But how about the women of the period? They did not have quite the good time one reads about in romances—true, they were entertained royally at times, they would be overwhelmed with compliments—but then compliments cost nothing—but in all other respects they were treated as a pastime, when a man had nothing better to do, the "better to do" being represented by heavy eating, drinking and gambling, with a little sport thrown in, if sufficiently sober after a prolonged bout. Seing that dinner-parties for men only would begin at about seven or eight of an evening and not conclude until one or two a.m. at the earliest, by which time many of the gentlemen present would find themselves under the table and have to be helped to bed by their man, it is not at all surprising that when wives saw so little of their husbands or, if they did, found them in a condition which made their society impossible, they would seek and, of course, invariably find, relief from boredom and loneliness in the "male friend" who would "sympathize" with the wife who believed herself neglected or, blessed word, "misunderstood." Many of these "sympathizing friends" would be found among the penniless refugees from the Continent, who either possessed or assumed, a romantic and poetic pose which would, in the fulness of time, lead to many a piquant social scandal. Amusing "evidence" of this, if one may call it so, is afforded by the following table compiled by a French newspaper published in 1816 under the title "Matrimonial Conditions in England," the figures referring, presumably, to the preceding year:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wives eloped | 1132 | Secretly discontented | 13279 |
| Husbands ran away | 2348 | Mutually indifferent | 55240 |
| Legally divorced | 4175 | Passing for happy | 5 |
| Living in open hostility | 17845 | Hardly happy | 27 |
| | | Truly happy | 13 |

Total, 94064

It would, indeed, be interesting to know, where this "statistician" procured his figures, or were they obtained merely from the perfervid Gallic journalistic imagination? Yet they must have had some basis of fact—the "Passing for Happy" is like a flash of journalistic inspiration!

Yet *all* the social lions and dandies of the period were not "entertaining" in any sense; they would be regarded and avoided as unmitigated bores, but only by those whose position was sufficiently assured to enable them to ignore these people who, "if they could not do a man any good, could do him a —— lot of harm," as a writer once declared, for their tongues could be venomous, if they were ignored. One of these men, noted for his inquisitiveness and his dress, consisting of leather breeches, top boots, blue coat, white waistcoat, beautiful white neckcloth and broad-brimmed beaver hat, was Michael Angelo Taylor; as a Member of Parliament he was a person it was necessary to consider, however much one might dislike him personally. It is said that the only man who ever showed himself his match in avoiding a direct answer to his questions, was Pitt; "What news have you?" he asked the Prime Minister one morning, on meeting him in the Park. "I have not yet seen the morning papers!" "Oh, that

won't do, Mr. Pitt, really it won't. I am sure you know something and will not tell me." "Well, I am going to a Cabinet Council, and I will consult my colleagues whether I can divulge State secrets to you or not!"

At Boodle's Club he made himself detested by every member through his habit of asking questions, to which it might be difficult to give a reply which would satisfy his insatiable curiosity, yet not turn him into an implacable enemy.

I have been told that these types may be encountered in our own time, which goes to prove the truth of the old French saying with which I headed the first chapter: "The more it changes, the more it is the same thing."

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## ENVOI.

And thus the curtain falls upon the known and the unknown, upon the remembered and the forgotten, and one thinks of some lines in a poem of 1817, written in imitation of the poetry of the seventeenth century:—

"Life is—what?
It is the shooting of a star,
That gleams along the trackless air,
And vanishes, almost ere seen, to naught,
And such is man—
He shines and splutters for a span,
And then . . . ."

THE END.

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*Author's Note.

At the moment of going to Press with the Index, the following paragraph appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of Sept. 6, 1929; the date of the presentation was some years after Payne incorporated "Home, Sweet Home" in his opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan":—

"The MS. of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the song most dear perhaps to English hearts, has just been placed in the Library at Washington.

It was addressed by its author, John Howard Payne, to Mrs. Joshua Bates, wife of a London banker, and bears the heading, '29, Arundel-street, Strand,' dated '18th September, 1829.'"

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